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Events of the Week.

THERE have been three stages in the later British government of Ireland. The first was her forcible retention under the Act of Union. The second was the virtual repeal of the Union, and the substitution of Home Rule within the Empire. The third stage has now been reached. It is, in effect, a reversion to the first, with Partition substituted for one half of the existing British Government, and the other half retained. The Irish accepted the second solution, until they were cajoled out of it; they resist the first and the third, and will resist them to the end. In introducing the last experiment the Prime Minister dismissed its predecessor with the epitaph, "No one wants it." He can write the same words over the grave that awaits his own measure. The new Bill goes to Ireland, but it is not of Ireland. No Irish party will accept it. No representative Irishman advised its production. It can bring no pause in the infatuate strife between the two countries; not even the prolonged truce—fruitful at least of an understanding between the British and Irish democracies—of the Home Rule period. Sinn Fein Ireland will treat it merely as a proclamation of war, and Ulster, discerning its lack of seriousness, will cold-shoulder and finally reject it. Should it ever come to fruit, one of the two Councils it sets up will be peopled with Sinn Feiners, or elected by a handful of Unionists.

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IRELAND calls for liberty. This Bill leaves her in the possession of England. The Army of Occupation, with its tanks and aeroplanes, will still be encamped on her soil, and Dublin Castle will remain to direct it. It will lose the control of the police after a waiting time of three years, a delay fatal to peace; but in the interval no rival authority will be set up, for the design and structure of the Bill forbid a real transference of power. The new Council will have the lesser taxes but not the great.

They can play with stamps, licences, and entertainments; but they cannot touch Customs or Excise or Income tax. They can neither collect the main sources of Irish taxation, nor distribute them in services to the people. The Bill allocates nearly half of the total revenue of Ireland to Imperial needs, and gives the Councils instead a *lègèreté*, three-fourths of which comes out of Irish pockets. So with administrative functions. The Councils can neither build a lighthouse nor maintain one. They cannot even superintend the posting of Irish letters. They cannot, of course, build an Irish ship, to sail from Irish waters to any port in the world outside. All the greater functions of nationality are denied them. In exchange for their acceptance of a place in the British Empire Australia and Canada can fly their own flags, build their own Navies, control their own cables, order their own taxation. This Bill is the rejection not of Irish independence only but of the Dominion Settlement, or anything resembling it.

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MR. GEORGE does not put the scheme of government it propounds higher than that of a State in the American Union, in itself a denial of Irish Nationality. In reality it is a much humbler endowment. An American State elects its own Governor and Legislature, and has a direct share in choosing the head of the Federal Government. Ireland can only discharge the second of these representative functions, and that in a truncated form. Her citizens must therefore be content to play the part of Crown Colonists of the semi-autonomous type. In addition to being warned off defence, navigation, coinage, and other Imperial functions, all the greater civic ambitions are denied to them. They cannot appoint their higher judges; while the door that opens to a fuller dignity and power of nationality is barred by Ulster. Without her consent the Joint Council can never come into being at all. There will be two Irish Provinces, but no Ireland; a Quebec and an Ontario, but no Canada.

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THE Bill, therefore, fixes Partition, and is a capital offence against the spirit of Nationalism. It is also very little short of an insult to Catholic and Nationalist Ireland. The Northern Council is not even an Ulster; it is to be a Protestant essence of Ulster, distilled from the North-Eastern Counties. Yet this selected fragment will command an equal voting power in the Council of Ireland with the three Catholic provinces and a portion of Ulster. Mr. George admits that the Northern body is to be a "homogeneous"—i.e., a Protestant—collection. Thus the Bill stereotypes the political division of Ireland, and puts religious separatism in the forefront of its policy. How can these bodies ever come together on the plan of larger Home Rule which it faintly foreshadows? Are they meant to come together? A greater Ulster, with a strong Catholic and Labor minority, might indeed form the necessary junction with the South. But the author of the Bill would seem to have foreseen this contingency and to have built up a defensive structure against it. At whose instance or command?

THE results of the Bromley and St. Albans elections are of the first importance. They seem definitely to show the emergence of the Labor Party as the second political power in the country, and the inevitable successor, with Liberal and Radical help, of the Coalition. The two constituencies are much of the same character, containing a rural element, but also largely suburban. In neither case has a Labor candidate appeared at a previous contest. Yet in ultra-Tory Bromley the Coalition majority was reduced to one-twelfth of its strength, and the Labor candidate comes within a little over 1,000 votes of its barely successful representative. Here Liberalism made no show; but we imagine the bulk of its old supporters went Labor. In St. Albans a Labor man, appearing for the first time, polls nearly 10,000 votes, and comes within 713 votes of the Coalitionist, while the Liberal, who had been before the constituency for some time, secured less than 2,500 votes. Here again, the reports are that while some Liberals may have voted Coalition, the bulk went over to Labor, in spite of the presence of a party candidate.

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THERE is every prospect that the final ratifications of the Versailles Treaty will be exchanged next week, and forecasts assure us that the crushing demand for the delivery of 400,000 tons of harbor equipment has been substantially reduced. There is, however, no real progress as yet to report in the solution of the American tangle. Mr. Wilson remains an enigma even to his nearest party henchmen. As for the Senate, it is evident, as it has been from the first, that it will adhere to the Lodge reservations with a few verbal modifications, but even on these there is no agreement yet. Mr. Bryan, astute party man as he is, has pronounced publicly for the acceptance of the Lodge formulæ, a little softened in expression. That chapter is closed.

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FRENCH reports show that M. Clemenceau made a full and honest statement about Russia in the Chamber on December 23rd. Mr. George's simultaneous speech resembled it only in length. The policy of the Allies is, it seems, based on two decisions (1) not to make peace and "not even to treat" with the Soviet Government, and (2) with a view to excluding Germany from Russia, to maintain "the policy of a barbed wire enclosure." He dwelt at some length on this latter policy. The barbs in the wire consist of the Poles and other little peoples "in the van of civilization." He boasted of the Polish army of 450,000 or 500,000 men organized by French officers. He promised Poland more new uniforms from Paris, but forgot to mention that her expenditure is eight times her revenue, and that her mark is down to ½d. He reckoned confidently on Tchecho-Slovakia, whose President Masaryk long ago publicly opposed the Allied policy of intervention. Still he counted its army, 150,000 men. He "counted also on Roumania," now reconciled again with the Allies, and on the Yugoslavs who would also be available for use against Russia, when their difference with Italy is settled. We need not pause to characterize this plan for completing the economic and social ruin of Europe: a better scheme for that purpose could hardly be devised. We are curious, however, to know whether Mr. George has consciously adopted this policy? It is useless to ask Mr. George that question: the answer would be only one contradiction the more. M. Clemenceau, however, though to our thinking the most sinister figure in Europe, is also a courageous and entirely honest man. He has spoken.

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THE protests of most of the Socialist parties in Europe have failed to save any of the Hungarian Com-

munists, of whom 25 have now been hanged in Budapest. The hangings are public, tickets are distributed, and many members of the Entente Missions, so say the telegrams, attend these entertainments. We have before us the sentences pronounced on the last batch of victims. All were judged guilty of murder as "instigators," because they had some connection, often remote, with the Revolutionary Tribunals, which passed capital sentences on certain counter-revolutionaries, who tried to upset the Soviet Republic by arms. Thus Dr. Eugen Laszlo was "present and nodded assent" when the President of these tribunals nominated the judges who were to try these counter-revolutionaries. He is therefore guilty of murder. Again, Otto Korvin-Klein, aged 25, "appeared before" this court, and further was "heard to converse" with one Krammer after the sentence about the details of the execution. He thus "strengthened the murderers in their premeditated crime." He, therefore, is also guilty of murder. This cruel and pedantic parody of regular justice is to our thinking worse than the purely barbarous massacres of these Hungarian "Whites." The "Arbeiter Zeitung" prints the official report of the "White" Sheriff of Kecskemet on one of these massacres. Two officers, armed with full authority, kidnapped 62 untried Socialist suspects (half of them from the gaol), flogged them with wire whips, and hanged them in a wood. The Sheriff warned Budapest in good time of the officers' intentions, but neither the War Minister nor the Minister of Justice would act to prevent the massacre. In all, it is said that about 5,000 Socialists have perished in this way. This is the Government we delight to "recognize."

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M. KLOTZ opened his Ministerial statement on French finance last Monday with a plea for "fiscal patriotism." He foreshadowed a call upon the French taxpayer in the shape of what is in France considered a big supertax, but his hopes are chiefly turned to foreign sources. He has arranged for a loan to be floated in London in March, and hopes to be able to arrange credits in America. As for Germany, she must pay to the uttermost farthing. The payment of 20 milliard marks (1,000 millions sterling) must be strictly enforced in 1921. Only a part of that would go to France, but sooner or later she must obtain for herself 1,000 millions sterling from Germany (not to mention the coal, the Saar mines, the cows, and the floating docks). By way of emphasizing Allied solidarity M. Klotz urged Frenchmen to buy in the cheapest market, which is Germany. "There was no reason why France should obtain from America or from Great Britain at heavy prices goods that could be procured from Germany under more favorable terms." The indemnity, as Mr. Keynes has shown, is a mirage.

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AFTER nine months of almost unbrokea misfortune, the Government of Admiral Koltchak has collapsed so completely that it is difficult to believe in another rally. This is the end of a purely military adventure which never had the Siberian people behind it, and won its initial successes thanks solely to the money of the Allies and the bayonets of the Tchecho-Slovaks. The Admiral, retreating hastily by train to Irkutsk with his treasure and his Ministers, was held up by the Tchechs, who eventually allowed his train to pass, after they had relieved him of no less than £65,000,000 in gold, the remnant of the old Tsarist reserve. Irkutsk, meanwhile, where he had proposed to fix his capital, is in the hands of the Siberian Social Revolutionary Party, which is said to be willing to make terms with the Bolsheviks, and it is presumably to this new semi-revolutionary Government that the Tchechs will hand over the gold. A

Moscow telegram relates that the train carrying Koltchak's Ministers rushed violently down a steep place into a ravine. The "Times" correspondent, after duly pitying those involved in this ignominious flight, proceeds to treat the Supreme Ruler as a spent force, and discusses whether the half-breed Cossack leader Semenoff will succeed him in Eastern Siberia. This person, with his wild aboriginal troops, is in his morals a savage and rapacious brigand, and in his politics a pure Tsarist. He proposes to rule with a nominated Council. The "Times" admits frankly that there is now no Siberian support for Koltchak. There never was.

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THE sequels to the collapse of Koltchak may be in two ways of great importance. In the first place, the Bolsheviks gain control of two-thirds of Siberia, from the Urals to Lake Baikal. Though it is, after a year of Koltchak's rule, in a deplorable economic plight, it ought to have a great surplus of food, and its mineral wealth is fabulous. If the Bolsheviks can overcome the difficulties of transport this gain should end their food shortage. For the first time their administrative ability will be put to something like a fair test. If they can keep Siberia contented, restore the railway, and set the people to work, they should be out of danger for the future. In the second place, the collapse of Koltchak will probably mean permanent Japanese rule (possibly with Semenoff as their tool) in Eastern Siberia. They will not advance beyond Lake Baikal, and it may suit the Bolsheviks to tolerate their presence—for a time. It is semi-officially stated in Washington that the American and British Governments have agreed to "hand over the control of Eastern Siberia to Japan," and also that the American troops and the Tcheches will be withdrawn and replaced by Japanese—a strange end to the Parisian dream of restoring the Russian Empire.

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FROM the main front of the Russian civil war the news is almost equally disastrous for the counter-revolution. The Red Army is steadily driving its wedge into Denikin's centre, and if their advance continues, as seems possible, his forces may soon be cut in two. The Reds in the centre, where they have advanced over 100 miles in a week, are already in the Donetz basin, the one big coal-field of Russia, whose loss in spring was for them a disaster. In the Ukraine their advance is equally steady (they are now well south of Kremenchug), and it should also, like the gain of Siberia, ease their food-problem. Formerly they had left the Ukraine to guerillas, and set up no regular administration: this time they are said to be organizing solidly as they move. Denikin may not actually be driven into the Black Sea, but he will probably be reduced again (in Mr. George's phrase) to a "backyard" dependant on supplies from the sea. He has all the Caucasus against him and owes such hold as he possesses there solely to our support, which he repays by wireless messages accusing us (we hope truly) of fostering Georgian independence.

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ESTHONIA meanwhile seems at last on the point of concluding an armistice with the Bolsheviks: she dreads our blockade too much to make a definite peace. From Berlin, however, comes the news that the French General Niessel (as we reported three weeks ago on Estonian evidence) is still working to send Bermondt's German free-lances to restore the Yudenitch army, and prepare another rush on Petrograd. Pressure is also being applied, in the form of starvation and harsh usage, at the instigation of Allied and "White" agents, to the Russian prisoners in Germany in order to force them to "volunteer" for Denikin's army. Of all the many cruelties wreaked by both sides on prisoners in this war,

this is the most shameful. We note meanwhile the final collapse of an "atrocious" which has had a long and successful run. The "Times," on December 24th, at last gave documents for the "nationalization of women" story, to the effect that Trotsky, then "Commissary for Home Affairs," issued mandates at Ekaterinodav in the spring of 1918 authorizing the Red Army to seize young women for its use. A translation of one of these mandates was given, based on a photograph of the original which may be seen at the Russian Liberation Committee. A correspondent of the "Herald" blows the whole story to pieces. Trotsky never was Home Commissary. A complete alibi can be proved to show that he was never at Ekaterinodav in the spring of 1918. Other equally gross inaccuracies are exposed, and finally, the "mandate" bears no stamp or seal or printed heading. It is simply a few words scribbled on a scrap of paper which anyone could have written. Pigott's thrive in Russia.

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THE general council meeting of the Transport Workers' Federation acted with courage and wisdom when they decided to accept the employers' offer to submit the wages claim for dock workers to a public inquiry under the Industrial Courts Act. It is doubtful if the employers fully realized what the scope of the inquiry may be. But having taken the plunge they accepted the conditions. The men's representatives held that the proceedings of the Court should be public and that the financial position of all dock users, as well as the owners of docks, should be fully investigated. This, of course, brings in shipping, and it will therefore be possible for the first time to obtain authoritative information about the relation of profits and freights to the cost of living. The newly-formed National Council of Employers who are interested in dock charges includes shipowners, merchants and traders of various kinds, and dock authorities and companies. They contend that higher wages cannot be paid without passing on the cost to consumers of the goods handled, and the Court will have to pronounce judgment on this contention. The President of the Court will probably be a judge, and its powers will be virtually as great as those of the Coal Commission. This inquiry under a permanent statute may profoundly influence the course of labor disputes in the future.

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GIVEN the acceptance by the public of a policy of decontrolling the railways, and reverting to the old system of virtually self-contained administration by the companies, the Government may justify the increase in rates. But the country must face within the next few months an addition of fifty millions to the cost of rail transport. No one who has followed the farce of the profiteering tribunals will pay the slightest regard to the official and semi-official assurances that much of the extra cost will be shared among the distributors, and that the profiteering tribunals will deal with an excessive rise in prices. It is certain that the whole of the fifty millions, and a good deal more, will be "passed on" in some form or other, and industrial unrest will increase in proportion. The fatal flaw in the policy of the Government, as in their handling of the coal industry, is that nothing is to be done to eliminate the enormous waste which, as every expert admits, is due to overlapping, duplication, lack of standardization of equipment, and delays in transit due to inefficient connections. The country will simply pay a drastic fine for the perpetuation of a grossly uneconomical system.

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WE have received an important communication from the Egyptian Delegation, which arrived too late for notice in this number. We propose to deal with it in our next issue.

Politics and Affairs.

AN IRISH LLOYD-GEORGIA.

"Unless Irishmen in Ireland have real control of their purely domestic affairs, it is idle to proceed. Shams exasperate; they provoke despair, and despair is the mother of disorder."—*Mr. Lloyd George at Westminster, December 22nd, 1919.*

ILLUSION presided at Westminster when the Prime Minister made his statement on Irish affairs. But Westminster illusions no longer possess the Irish mind, and Irishmen read the Government's proposals with an indifference which measures the distance between the days of Lloyd George and those of Gladstone. Mr. George speaks into an Irish vacuum. There is now no medium to carry his wizardry, and if his arts raise any response across the Irish Channel, it cannot be better indicated than in the sentences we quote from his peroration.

The Coalition plan has no Irish origin. Mr. Lloyd George spoke across empty Irish benches to the United States Ambassador in the gallery, and it may be assumed that the deserted seats spoke to Mr. Davis more eloquently than the special pleader. Six times at least the Prime Minister appealed to American analogies, which, if they fail to mislead opinion in the United States, show quite clearly where is the driving force behind the present proposals. Irish independence is to be fought with the same resolve and resources which the North put into the fight against the Southern States. The United States must be taught that there is a homogeneous population in Ireland alien from the rest. County option is impracticable in Ireland, because it was never tried in the States. The two Irish assemblies are to have taxing powers broadly equivalent to those of State legislatures. Control of Customs is withheld as unbecoming a federal unit. At each point an American illustration is fallaciously invoked to persuade foreign opinion of the magnanimity and rectitude of the offer. Of course it will not do. Anglo-Irish relations have never been and are not the relations of a State to a federal authority. England and Ireland are two conflicting, separate nationalities. The American Revolution and not the attempted secession of the Southern States is, therefore, the parallel of the Irish republican movement. County option, certainly, was not tried in the United States. The victorious rebels preferred the expropriation of the loyalists. The summary treatment in 1784 of the New York loyalists and of alien minorities in the contemporary carving-up of Europe may be expected to color American opinion more deeply than the casual improvisations of Mr. Lloyd George.

Before approaching the details of the present scheme, it is well to confront with the facts one of these categorical statements of the Prime Minister that we have in North-East Ireland a homogeneous population alien from other Irishmen. On the figures of the last General Election the statement is true for one county, and for one county only. In County Antrim, where the Irish language still lingered in the glens a few years ago, the Unionists hold all the seats on a plurality of eighty-five per cent. But taking all the nine Ulster counties, the Nationalists hold a majority in five, the Unionists in only four; the Nationalists obtained representation in eight, the Unionists in six; the Nationalists hold the entire representation in three, the Unionists in one only. If the whole province of Ulster were taken as the unit, or if liberty of choice were permitted to Ulstermen by County option, the Orange ascendancy would be abolished. For this reason, and none other, neither of these

courses is adopted in the present scheme. In putting the case for partition Mr. George maliciously and with superficial cleverness quoted a statement made by Father O'Flanagan before he identified himself prominently with Sinn Fein. Father O'Flanagan advocated self-determination for Ulster against those who, like Lincoln before the Civil War, refused to admit the principle of partition. "In the last analysis," he contended, "the test of nationality is the wish of the people. . . . We claim the right to decide what is to be our nation; we refuse them (Ulstermen) the same right." This is obviously a plea for a plébiscite and for that liberty of choice which the Coalition scheme denies to Ulster.

The plan as outlined in Mr. Lloyd George's statement is vicious to the eyes of even "constitutional" Nationalists in four main features; in the arbitrary partition of Ireland, in the limited authority devolved on the new bodies, in the constitution of the Council of Ireland, and in the continued Irish representation at Westminster. What further defects lurk in the Bill can only be guessed from the faults in the outline. That its sponsor is well aware of these vices is clear from his suggestion that "settlement will be found not in enactment but in the working of it." He admits that the enactment is no settlement. It is clear to Irishmen upon whom the responsibility of working-out is cast, that its execution will be difficult to the point of impracticability. Ireland is "to feel its way to satisfaction and contentment" through partition. But partition is detested by all Irishmen, and regarded as "unthinkable" by such leaders of Unionist opinion as the late Dr. Mahaffy and the present Provost of Trinity College. Partition is detestable not merely because it breaks national unity but because it necessarily involves loss of essential rights in the local assemblies, makes administration costly, cumbersome and inefficient, and threatens it with the ever-present danger of deadlock. Under cover of partition, the control of Customs is denied, the High Courts are withdrawn from an Irish Government, and the Post Office is withheld. The principle of partition is maintained in England not out of consideration for the claims of an Irish minority but to maintain the subjection in essentials of Ireland to the British majority at Westminster. The minority of North-East Ulster is to-day the agent of our will to dominate, as the English resident officials were to the eighteenth century and the Protestant landed interest to more recent years. Two provincial assemblies are, then, to be created shorn of national authority, one for twenty-six counties and the other for some new fancy area—a Lloyd-Georgia, made up of fragments of six Ulster counties with a sort of jig-saw fringe designed to secure an Orange ascendancy.

These assemblies will be vested with an authority rather greater than that of existing County Councils and of the powers associated with the abandoned schemes of Devolution and of the Irish Council Bill. These assemblies may elect twenty representatives each to constitute a Council of Ireland which at the outset has power to pass private Bills and a restricted right to talk. Neither the Council nor the local assemblies have any of the marks of a free government. Unlike the Dominions, no Irish body under the present scheme can ever have any voice in decisions of peace or war, can control any armed force for its own defence, or veto conscription, or exercise fiscal control, or have power over its foreign trade or its own navigation. These promised legislatures have no High Courts of Justice. They cannot appoint a judge or a postman, or for a term of years, a policeman. They have, it is true, explicit control over hospitals and dog-licences.

Mr. Lloyd George is the fox who believes in one good trick. The object of the Irish Convention, according to Lord Birkenhead, was to keep the Irish talking. Its effort in any more fruitful direction was sterilized by the pledge given to the Ulster irreconcilables. The same device is now again resorted to. A Council of Ireland is to be set up. Like the Convention it has a right to talk. But this is not all. It is, we understand, the symbol of Irish Unity. It inaugurates, so to speak, the symbolist movement in Irish politics. But before it can leave those shadowy waters of symbol, where the spirits of Mr. Yeats and Mr. George commune in Celtic fellowship, and touch the world of substances; before it can clothe itself—not with the essentials of government, for the control of the purse or of a defensive force is either nowhere guaranteed or expressly denied—but with the lesser trappings, a postman's uniform, for example, the consent of the carefully cultivated minority must be sought and won. The fragments of six counties can veto any progress. The gate of liberty is locked to four-fifths of Ireland, and the key put in the hands of one-fifth.

It is unnecessary to discuss the retention of the Irish representation at Westminster, or the general attitude of Sinn Fein towards the proposals. Control of Irish vital interests is still reserved by this scheme to the Imperial Parliament. The presence of forty-two Irishmen, it is presumed, justifies this control by five hundred and sixty Englishmen. That justification will not be forthcoming. We are afraid that Ireland is done with Westminster and will fight upon ground of her own choice. That issue is no longer open. The attitude of Sinn Fein has also in it nothing ambiguous. It is unlikely that a scheme distasteful to almost all Irishmen, or regarded as an exasperating sham, will be even discussed amongst Sinn Feiners. But it has to Sinn Fein the interest of a weapon.

The new form of Unionist Partition comes, therefore, with a bad grace from the director of Coercion, the partizan of Conscription. Does he believe in it? Let us admit that there is, at present, no heroic solution of the perplexing problem of Irish Government. We will not let Ireland go free. We are not brave enough to put to her a choice between an absolute independence of little value to her if it went with our ill-will, and therefore of some peril to us, and a substantial independence, such as the great Dominions, which her genius has helped to people and govern, enjoy. But even this Government might have blazed a track to Freedom. Taught by Versailles, they might have abandoned the method of the dictated settlement and opened that of the freely negotiated Treaty. Thus launched on the path of self-determination, they might have looked around for a method, and lighted on the plan of county option. That would have given Protestant Ulster her *enclave*, and satisfied her present desire to retain the British connection; putting on the twenty-six or twenty-eight remaining Counties the task of making it fully worth her while to come into their union. That policy was either "turned down" by Mr. George, or not considered by him. We look at its alternative without the smallest hope, and with no little dread. As it softens no passions, it can awaken no hopes. On the contrary it leaves two great races locked in a quarrel that may be fatal to both. It weakens Ireland economically, and may arrest her later progress to a state of comparative comfort. And it exacerbates the strife. No attempt has been made at the moral preparation which Gladstone contrived for the passage of the Bill of 1886. The measure is simply flung at Ireland's head. Her temptation will be to fling it back, with a curse, at ours.

A FREE TRADE UNION FOR EUROPE.

THE imminent ratification of the Peace of Versailles brings us near to the moment when this country must possess and define a European policy. For more than five years our national personality has been merged in the Grand Alliance. Not merely during the war but also during the long period covered by the dictation of the peace, we necessarily ceased to have any individual attitude towards half the Continent. Every transaction was the joint work of the Supreme Council, and every note bore the signature of M. Clemenceau or of one of his subordinates. We have shared during this period the responsibility for many decisions, to which the British Government was notoriously opposed, and it has often seemed as though in return for a free hand overseas, we had consciously subordinated our own policy in European matters to that of France. In the nature of things this extreme subordination must presently end. We shall have our own Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin, as we already have in Vienna, and the German Government will also have its own spokesman here. The two Governments will converse directly, and though the Reparation Commission and other joint institutions will in some all-important matters maintain the solidarity of Allied action, there will still be a sphere in which London can and doubtless will act independently, without reference to Paris. The barbed wire which enclosed the German plenipotentiaries at Versailles will have disappeared. Our late enemies will come and go at Downing Street, and the relationship, however cold and constrained, will at least be individual. Hitherto no one on the Continent has known with certainty what our policy really was, and heated debates have gone on between rival journalistic schools, as to what precisely was our attitude compared with that of France. These doubts will presently disappear, and for good or evil the Continent will know our real mind.

One problem takes precedence over all others—THE ECONOMIC RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE. The plight of all the late belligerents differs only in degree. It is a nice question whether Poland, spending eight times her revenue, with her mark at a halfpenny, is less nearly bankrupt than Austria. Italy, spending three times her revenue, with the lira at fifty to the pound, may plume herself on being more solvent than Germany, but the difference is only one of degree, and it may not be permanent. It is evident that if anything is to be done, on an adequate scale, to grapple with an economic chaos which threatens civilization itself with catastrophe, the initiative must come from this country. Our resources may not suffice unaided. But we alone are in a position to survey the whole problem. France has no constructive idea save the remorseless extraction of a tribute from Germany, while her interest in Poland and her other minor satellites is limited, to judge from M. Clemenceau's latest speech, to inciting them, in their misery and nakedness, to continue the war against Russia. America with Mr. Wilson out of action, and the Republicans dominating the Senate, will certainly do no planning on her own account, and the prospect, when a Republican President succeeds Mr. Wilson, will be even less hopeful. The utmost we can hope from America is, that if others do the thinking and the planning, she may be persuaded to shoulder some part of the financial burden. She has given infinitely less in blood and very much less in treasure than any of the chief belligerents, and no sense of shame need deter us in appealing to her. How far she responds will depend, we imagine, on our ability to present her with some plan which offers a prospect of stability. If she were to

say that she does not choose to spend her dollars to enable D'Annunzio to foment a war between Italy and the South Slavs, nor to enable Poland to conduct five simultaneous wars on all her many fronts, we should think the answer shrewd and well-grounded. We cannot divorce the economic from the political position, and as a first indispensable step towards any economic reconstruction we should stipulate for (1) the immediate creation of the League of Nations, (2) the inclusion of our late enemies within it, and (3) the conclusion of peace with Russia. All that implies a measure of general disarmament. The Germans, to do them justice, are in the main shrewd enough to perceive the advantages of disarmament. Krupp has turned over his vast works to such tasks as the making of locomotives and steam-ploughs. It is the lesser and more primitive peoples, Poles, Hungarians, and Roumanians, who play with their armies like a boy with a box of soldiers.

It is useless in this anarchic situation to rely on the authority of the Supreme Council. That has been squandered, and France, to speak plainly, does not view this chaos with our eyes. There is just one mode of procedure which might be fruitful. Can we, if possible in concert with America, offer to aid the economic reconstruction of Europe on condition that each State which benefits shall make some political concession to the general good? Mr. Keynes, among others, has worked out a programme that is admirable in itself. He proposes a general remission of debts as between the Allies themselves. Can that be set off against the lowering of the crushing and fantastic indemnity which is to be levied upon Germany? Again he proposes an international loan for the double purpose of providing both allies and enemies with raw material, and for the restoration of their currencies. Can we make such help conditional on the removal of the more salient points of friction in Europe? Lastly, he suggests that all the States of Eastern and Central Europe should be formed, under the auspices of the League, into a Free Trade Union, to which the United Kingdom, Egypt and India should also adhere, with such of the neutrals as may be willing. We do not think it hopeful to pursue any of these plans, however, until the war with Russia is liquidated. So long as M. Clemenceau regards Poland, Tcheco-Slovakia and Roumania as potential allies against Russia, it is idle to talk of urging, still less of imposing, any policy whatever upon them. They will face the risks and sufferings of further campaigns against Moscow only if they are allowed in every other direction to follow the impulses of their several natural egoisms. If we are officially with France in this policy, we can do nothing substantial for Europe.

Of all these proposals the suggestion of a Free Trade Union is perhaps the most fruitful. The war has destroyed the two vast areas of internal free trade which were the Austro-Hungarian and Russian Empires. No small part of the present economic misery of the Danubian area is due to the intricate pattern of frontiers, each with its prohibitive tariff, which hampers trade where formerly there was freedom. A merchant who was sent from Salzburg in the Austrian Tyrol by the municipality to purchase food in Jugo-Slavia describes his experience in a recent number of the Viennese "Arbeiter Zeitung." He came from famine and found plenty. Agram was stocked with a superfluity of every kind of grain and fat and meat. Prices were high, however, because smugglers and speculators from the whole of Central Europe had gathered to bid against each other for the surplus. Worse than the prices, however, were the export duties, 6,825 Kronen on cattle

per head, 2,048 Kronen on 100 kilograms of bacon or fat, 54 Kronen for a goose, and so on. He was about to leave Agram in despair, when he met the director of the agricultural society, who was in distress because he could not get salt for curing bacon. Now salt is the staple produce of Salzburg. Thanks to this chance encounter, the duties were remitted, and an advantageous exchange arranged of Croatian food against Tyrolese salt. How many times must these little egoistic States go through this experience before they realize their mutual inter-dependence? This mutual blockade is the rule of to-day; and the man who has salt to sell does not always happen to meet a purchaser influential enough to break down the tariffs in his favor. Here lies half the secret of the starvation of Vienna.

There are, of course, people in Paris who would like to promote a Danubian federation for political ends. They see in it a means of tightening the tariff wall of strangulation against Germany's trade, and excluding her for ever from the commerce of the East. They want to use it to separate Austria from her kinsmen in the North. It is, as they conceive it, part of the general system of encirclement (M. Clemenceau calls it "barbed wire") by which Germany and Russia are to be shut off from each other, and from the rest of civilization. The alternative policy is the broader one of a general free trade union, as wide as we can make it. It must include both Austria and Germany (and the sooner they unite the better), both Germany and Russia (they are destined to help each other), and with them the United Kingdom and such parts of the Empire as are not yet committed to protection.

Here is a policy in which we and we alone can take the lead. We alone have the right to preach free trade to these primitive and inexperienced little States, and we have a great market to offer them. But we must be prepared to make our help in the matter of raw materials and free markets contingent on the adoption of a neighborly and pacific policy by these States among themselves. If Serbs will not sell food, if Tchechs will not sell coal to Vienna, then they must expect no help or countenance from us, either by the remission of the debts they owe us, or in the restoration of their currency. We would sum up a European policy for this country in two words—mutual aid. Those who will adopt it are our friends, be they our late enemies or our allies, those who will have none of it are our opponents. The economic restoration of Europe is a greater task than we assumed in the war. It is not too great for our resources, especially if America will aid us. With her or without her, we must shoulder it, unless the verdict of history on us is to be that we ruined European civilization with our blockade.

THE PASSING OF INDUSTRY.

A TRAVELLER found himself by chance at Gubbio on the occasion of the famous local festa, the "Festa dei cieri," when the population of the town and the peasants of the neighborhood gave themselves up to ceremony and rejoicing. Even the rain which poured all day could not damp their spirits. Next morning he fell into conversation with some peasants, talking of the beauty of the little Umbrian town, with its wonderful setting in the hills, but he found no response. "Ah," said the peasants, shaking their mournful heads, "if only we had a factory. That is what Gubbio wants. What is the good of beauty when the people are poor?" It was a sad climax to his visit. He thought of Oldham, the Black

Country, and all the hideous landscapes of the Industrial Revolution. Was this the choice for mankind? Is wealth or comfort only to be bought at the price of beauty?

Dean Inge has been called the gloomy dean, but in one of his forecasts he brings himself, through a train of melancholy reasoning, to a happy conclusion. For England, the classical home of the great industry with its hideous disfigurement of life, is, he tells us, to revert to its former rural peace. No doubt it will take some time to undo an appreciable part of the ravages of the last century; to restore Lancashire or the West Riding will be like the restoration of the devastated districts in France. In war, as in peace, the Industrial Revolution has destroyed the spirit of chivalry and romance; whether you look to the trenches or the churches its memorials are eloquent of its devilish inhumanity. It was characteristic of the stage to which we have brought the development of industry that whereas till yesterday the best soldiers were peasants, it was found in this war that the purely peasant armies of the Balkans were less able to stand the new nervous strain of war than the little men who live in the pandemonium of the modern town. This was entirely suitable, for the war was really an apt climax to the triumphs of the Industrial Revolution. By the method of economy, production, and distribution which belongs to the industrial system with its law of inequality, the world had accumulated enough wealth to take a holiday from production for four years in order to devote itself to slaughter. Save, save, save, said the economist. Well we did save, and all the industrial nations saved and the consequence was that the war lasted four years. That is how the wealth which out of deference to the economists we forbore to consume was spent in the end: war is the world's rainy day. And the more you save up for it, the longer the rain lasts.

There will be few then who will not rejoice when they come to this passage in Dean Inge's essay on the Future of the Human Race, describing the England of the future. "It will be more like the England of the eighteenth century than the England we know. There will be no very rich men; and if the birth-rate is regulated there will be no paupers. It will be a far pleasanter age to live in than the present, and more favorable to the production of great intellectual work, for life will be more leisurely, and social conditions more stable. We may hope that some of our best families will determine to survive, *coûte que coûte*, until these better times arrive." Few probably will dissent from his indictment of the social life and the social ideas that sprang from the Industrial Revolution, from the kind of things we learnt to worship as the supreme end of life. But when we come to read his arguments for his view, an uncomfortable misgiving steals over us, for we find that the Dean prophesies the end of industrialism for precisely the same reasons as men like Lord Lauderdale gave for thinking a century ago that this system was in imminent risk of destruction. For Dean Inge thinks that it will break down not because men and women will want something better, but because the workmen are all powerful and are full of greed. They live by this system, yet they are going to overthrow it. On this point the Dean argues precisely like the old opponents of factory legislation.

Malthus seemed a melancholy prophet to his age when he argued that population tended to multiply faster than subsistence, and that therefore unless men deliberately restricted the increase of the race, misery and vice would make the necessary but painful adjustments. But Malthus thought that deliberate restriction was possible, and that an improvement in the standard of life would be followed by restriction. At one point

in his argument Dean Inge seems to dissent from Malthus. He argues that the tremendous increase of population after the Industrial Revolution was not the result in any degree of a conscious policy but simply the consequence of "the possession of capital wanting employment and of natural advantages for using it." Surely it is notorious that the policy of "the best families of the time" in the enclosures, in the Speenhamland system and in the remorseless conscription of children, had an immense effect in increasing population. Dean Inge thinks that our mistaken policy of improving housing and making life easier for the poorest classes is a fatal stimulus to population. Does he think there was no artificial stimulus to population under the Speenhamland system which subsidized a man in proportion to his family, and was so connected with the new industrial system as to make it impossible for them to maintain themselves without children?

The truth is that a century ago the upper classes deliberately set up the new industrial system on a basis of child slavery. That policy was resisted by the workmen, who were spoken of by the upper class politicians just as Dean Inge speaks of our "new masters." If they had had their way, the development of the cotton industry would have been much slower, the growth of the industrial towns much more gradual, and many at any rate of the horrors associated with our industrial civilization would have been avoided. They were told, when they desired these results, that they were destroying the system on which they lived. Those facts ought to be kept in view by those who argue like the Dean that Lord Melbourne insisted on having boys of five working for fourteen hours a day in his mines. Even after the first and most conscienceless phase of the Industrial Revolution had passed Lord Londonderry thought it outrageous that children should not be chained in his pits. Of course, if you happen to have all the power, and it happens to suit your pocket to employ children on a large scale, and if you are in a position to prevent the parents of those children from earning a livelihood, population is likely to increase. It was the appreciation of this truth that made Malthus an opponent of the Combination Laws. It is easy to see where the Dean would have been in that controversy.

There are some cheerful prophets who tell us that the rat population of the world is determined by the resources of food, and that if you kill off half the rats in England, you will merely increase the number of immigrant rats. Dean Inge treats the birth of the industrial system much in this spirit. And his only complaint against it so far as its victims are concerned is that it has made them discontented: "We must add that in the early days of the movement the workman and his children were exploited ruthlessly. It is true that if they had not been exploited they would not have existed; but a root of bitterness was planted, which according to what seems to be the law in such cases, sprang up and bore its poisonous fruit about two generations later." Is this the only poisonous fruit? A good deal might be said about that sentence as a historical summary.

But Dean Inge's handling of the past is interesting chiefly for the light it throws on his prophecy for the future. He thinks that "a densely populated country, which is unable to feed itself, can never be a working man's paradise, a land of short hours and high wages," and "that our ability to exchange our manufactures for food will grow steadily less, as the self-indulgent and work-shy laborer succeeds in gaining his wishes." We shall get rid of the horrors of industrialism by getting rid of our industries. The Dean is less original in this argument than in most of his writings. He merely tells

us what the earliest opponents of industrial reform told us a century ago. Japan and India take the place that France and Germany took then. And the reason why the Dean gives us the old argument is that he preserves the old analysis of human nature, and the old analysis of the economy of industry. The poor have one duty—unquestioning obedience; the rich should spend their money well. Is this analysis final? We cannot forecast the future of our industries until we know whether the Dean is right in assuming that men cannot associate together in the work of production except in the form that we know as the capitalist system, and until we can gauge the revolutionary possibilities of science. It is not our future only but the future of Europe that depends on those unknown quantities. Meanwhile let us be thankful that the Dean who has no uses for the virtues of the workman can promise us the millennium as the penalty of his vices.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

"GENERAL KNOX informs the Commander-in-Chief here of a communication received by him from the British War Office, calling attention to the fact that the Baltic States are inclined to make peace with the Bolsheviks, who are prepared to recognize their independence. The British War Office asks whether the Russian Government could not do something to paralyze this move by responding to the wishes of these States." This is the despatch which the "Herald" prints from Koltchak's Minister of Affairs, then (in October) at Omsk, and now in flight from it. By what right does our Government engineer new wars, and embroil States willing to live at peace with each other? No one asks; yet could guilt and folly go further? Millions have perished in the Great War; millions more are perishing by our and France's prolongation of it. Yet M. Clemenceau dares to speak of a new barbed-wire entanglement, to be contrived for Soviet Russia, and labors to man his cordon of starvation with peoples only a trifle less wretched than its victims. Thus, after nineteen hundred years of Christianity, man again proclaims himself a wolf to his brother. The consolation is that Governments live in a fast thickening atmosphere of popular abhorrence of their work, that not one of them is stable, and that they are all running militarism to a speedy death and burial. The French schemers go on; do they realize that, thanks to their year's work in Europe and Asia, for thousands of British men and women the almost idolized France of the war has simply ceased to exist? But so it is.

THE Bromley and St. Albans Elections are of the kind that bring others in their train. Spen Valley may not exactly duplicate them; the prophets say that Sir John Simon has made a good fight and has, at least, an equal chance of victory with Mr. Myers. But the sudden and formidable rise of the Labor Party's vote within London's outer suburban circle has greatly enlarged its horizon. I hear that nine-tenths of the Liberal workers in St. Albans went over to Labor and with them 1,000 Tory middle-class voters. Labor, it is clear, does, as yet, set no bounds to its future. It sees Liberalism in eclipse, and the Coalition going steadily back and down. It has begun to organize and to organize well, for it has the advantage

of starting with a mass vote in every constituency, a centre from which to develop work and enthusiasm. Increasingly, too, it attracts the younger and the middle-aged intellectuals. Most of my own friends, companions in the later historic battles of Radicalism, have either gone over to it altogether, or find themselves increasingly subject to its moral attraction. It suffers, like all parties, from personal jealousies and divisions on policy, from class feeling, from a too material right wing and a left wing that is not quite practical enough. Yet it clearly acquires a momentum which belongs to no other party of political action in Britain. Why?

In the first place the Labor men have a policy. They borrow a good deal of it from Liberalism; the existing Liberal Party have no immediate use for one. Thus they send a message of sympathy to the people of India, now under the visitation of General Dyer. They seek to re-establish the old Liberal connection with Ireland, thus laying the foundations of the new Anglo-Irish Treaty, without which England and Ireland are likely to go on destroying each other. And they have begun the work of criticizing and eventually replacing the Treaty of Versailles. What is the result? Already one knows that if a Labor Government comes into power, there will be peace with Russia, that Germany will have a chance of survival, and the blood begin to flow again through the frozen veins of Europe. Take an example. The other night I was a guest at a social meeting of the Party at which the Delegates of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, of Georgia and the Ukraine, and even of distant Azerbaijan, rehearsed their grievances and expounded their policy. How useful! How important! It is not surprising that under such a Government as we now enjoy, helpful and constructive minds should run quickly into the fresh mould that is being prepared for them.

It will be objected that what I am describing is the Labor Party as it may be, but not any pattern of a Labor Party that is. And that is partly true. Labor has a world to conquer; it lacks as yet the necessary ambition, ability, knowledge, and the courage that comes of knowing things and the men who direct them. Liberalism has more insight into the art and the detail of government; and both the middle-class parties draw on an automatically supplied reserve of culture and experience. There is the self-confidence of the trained aristocrat, born of his habit of command; the intellectual handiness of the great legal pack; the practical skill of the manager of industry. Government by these combinations begins to fail because faith and high-mindedness are wanting; humanity is in desperate need, and its physician is old and timid. Who, then, will help? Trade Unionism is excellent; but alone it cannot save Europe, re-liberalize the Empire, reform finance, rebuild industry, bring to government the savor of justice and honest dealing that now it utterly lacks. Is a pure workman's party prepared to man the great public offices? Or—to take a humbler example—to administer the great local services, such as education? Obviously it does not yet possess the men and women, nor could it provide them with leisure and opportunity.

IT is therefore to a great Democratic Party, formed out of the nucleus which Trade Unionism and the existing Labor Party supply, that the country must look for

alternative policy and for moral leadership. There, as I suggested last week, lies the garden which the intellectuals, the Free and Liberal Churches, the Universities, the young men and women of our time who issue from them, and whose hearts burn within them at the thought of what politics have come to, must cultivate together. It cannot be a party of wealth and property. Neither, unless we adopt the Marxian theory and the Soviet form of Government, should it be a pure organ of class. Immediately, no doubt, the people who distrust and despise their present governors will go on working in the main for Labor candidates. But they will still want something built on rather larger and more inclusive lines than the existing organization.

A FRIENDLY correspondent, who read my impolite description of the Coalition Cabinet as a mule, has been good enough to fortify it with an extremely appropriate reference to a passage in Samuel Butler's "Life and Habit," on the reasons why a mule is not and cannot be productive:—

"We should expect that a cross should have a tendency to introduce a disturbing element, if it be too wide, inasmuch as the offspring would be pulled hither and thither by two conflicting memories or advices, much as though a number of people speaking at once were without previous warning to advise an unhappy performer to vary his ordinary performance—one set of people telling him he has *always hitherto done thus*, and the other saying no less loudly that *he did it thus*; and he were suddenly to become convinced that they each spoke the truth. In such a case he will either completely break down, if the advice be too conflicting, or, if it be less conflicting, he may yet be so exhausted by the one supreme effort of fusing these experiences that he will never be able to perform again."—("Life and Habit." Page 174.)

And here is another word of Butler's taken from the witty passage on the embarrassment of a grain of corn when it finds itself in a hen's stomach. It is designed for the special benefit of Coalitionist Liberals:—

"The moment living organism loses sight of *its own position and antecedents* it is liable to immediate assimilation, and to be thus familiarized with the position and antecedents of *some other creature*. If any living organism be kept for but a very short time in a position wholly different from what it has been accustomed to in its own life, and in the lives of its forefathers, it commonly *loses its memories completely*, once and for ever; but it must immediately acquire new ones, for nothing can know nothing; everything must remember either its own antecedents or some one else's."—("Life and Habit," pp. 136, 137.)

My correspondnt adds: "The biological explanation of what has recently happened to some Liberals thus appears to be that through new and unaccustomed associations they have become grafted on to the memories of some one else's antecedents."

I SUPPOSE it is a very unprofessional thing to say, but I am bound to confess I am a little shocked at the prolonged absence of an Editor from the chair of the "Daily News." I am hurt, too; for it makes me feel that editors are beings of no importance. Here is a paper which for some generations has been a kind of public conscience to millions of men and women. Behind the conscience there was always a director, and if it be contended that his office has lapsed for want of use, I beg, after a fairly regular consultation of the pages of

the "Daily News," to offer a somewhat emphatic opinion to the contrary. I once proposed that an honorary canonry of Westminster should be attached to the editorship of the "Times." Mr. Gladstone was greatly shocked at the idea; and Mr. Labouchere at once put in a competing claim of his own. To associate journalism with the Church may have been to do too much honor to journalism. But need we belittle it? Surely a London pulpit, with a congregation of a few hundred thousand people attached to it and "functioning" six days a week instead of one, is nearly as worth filling as the cure of a few score souls in Somersetshire.

THE other day I heard Mr. Abbott, the editor of "Collier's Weekly," describe the result of his examination of the effect of Prohibition on American urban life, taking the city of about 100,000 inhabitants as the centre of his survey. When Mr. Abbott set out he was disposed to curse Prohibition; he remained, like so many observers (including myself), to bless it. The economic witness is, as he said, not to be resisted. Economic evidence and not any "Pussyfoot" campaign, converted America (for she is substantially converted) to Prohibition. Governors of States, mayors of cities, police officials, prison directors, even leaders of the "wet" parties, all succumbed to the facts. At least the outer life of the "dry" cities was transformed, not in years, but in months. Prisons were emptied, the police courts worked half or quarter time, and the productivity of every kind of industry increased. Many of the hotels prospered most of all. In cases the results were almost magical. This is no fable; business America was converted to Prohibition merely by observing it at work.

I SPOKE last week of the sacrifice of the Dutch workmen in giving up their second Christmas holiday and making over the wages to the relief of the sufferings of Central Europe. I learn now that this noble deed drew a willing response from the employers, and that a great contribution to the fund was the result. I repeat—British workmen, please copy.

MR. JOHNSON was asked the other day why he had not complained to the American Government of his treatment in this country. He replied—"How could I? I was its guest."

HOLIDAY MOODS.

In these days to read the conversations of Goethe is like bathing and clothing oneself in clean and fine raiment after a day of dirty and enervating travel. Their calm is a true revelation of the Holy Spirit in man; but it is also a little unnatural, a calm between two storms.

The Devil, visiting Whitehall, usually stops at Fleet Street on his way.

Should you be disposed to exalt your function, think that the dustman may be better employed.

Great writers are like first loves; they may be all wrong, but they're never forgotten.

The fault of our Augustan age was under-description; that of the Georgian is over-description.

The English Church has in its time produced a singularly finished type of Atheist.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

PAVING HELL.

IT was a large and varied party that assembled in the spacious reception rooms of No. 10, Downing Street last Wednesday evening. It could not be called a gathering of friends, and yet all faces wore a friendly smile; all hearts were warmed with the genial glow of fellowship, and everyone seemed aware that he must do his best quickly, since all were but embodied ghosts passing from darkness into darkness. The solemnity of the season had penetrated and purified their hearts. As the old music-hall song said, "Twas a night to banish all sin, For the bells were ringing the Old Year out, And the New Year in."

Mr. Lloyd George struck the conjuror's table thrice with a magician's wand. The hum of polite conversation suddenly ceased, and speaking with an obvious sincerity, stripped of every vestige of charm, he said: "We have met together, gentlemen, at a turning-point in the destinies of mankind. It cannot be said that we have made a success of the year now drawing to its close. Far from it, gentlemen; far indeed from that! But let us remember the profound truth which has guided my own career, that the past is behind us, the future is yet to come. And for that fast approaching future, let us hasten to register our good resolutions, which, if indeed we are to reach a better success, must be somewhat contrary to our actions in the past.

"I propose, therefore, with your permission, calling upon each of you by name to declare your resolution for the coming year in as brief a form as possible. The resolution will be registered after each name, and the whole collection will be distributed as a White Paper throughout the world, in order that the present races of mankind and the historians of all time may be informed how excellent our intentions are to-night in striving to remedy the bloody chaos into which we have unfortunately plunged our former civilization. As all of us here are indifferent to rank, title, or wealth, I will simply call out the names as they occur to me, and the secretary will note a good resolution opposite to each. But first I will call upon President Wilson, as is but natural seeing that only this time last year he was accounted, with good reason, the most powerful and beneficent of men."

President Wilson: "During the remainder of my office I will take daily lessons in fencing. I will learn at least as much European history as would be required of a Professor in a Young Ladies' Academy, and will diffuse that amount of knowledge among the best educated classes of my country. Having grasped a principle, I will not believe I still hold it as a sacred trust when I have let it slide, neither will I persuade myself that three equals fourteen. Furthermore, I will do all that in me lies to assist the Senate in scrapping the scraps of paper on which the Treaties are written."

M. Clemenceau (who had taken off one of his suède gloves to shake hands very heartily with a distinguished elderly gentleman beside him, and, with the words, "After you, M. Hohenzollern," had urged him vainly to go up first): "To-morrow I will release 400,000 German prisoners of war. I will cease to fear the German infant. I will tend the expectant mothers of Germany. I will withdraw our troops from both banks of the Rhine. I will reduce the German indemnity to one-fifth of the present demand, and will dissolve the Reparation Commission. I will allow the German railways and docks to be effectively restored. I will raise my eyes beyond the frontiers of France. I will promote Free Trade between all peoples. I will believe in the League of Nations. I will embrace Humanity. I will refuse the Presidency of France. I will change my title from 'Tiger' to 'Dove,' and while cultivating my cabbages prepare my soul for Heaven."

The ex-Kaiser (who, in advancing, again shook M.

Clemenceau warmly by the hand, and smiled amicably at Mr. Lloyd George): "I will forgive you, sir, and the British middle classes for your intention of hanging me, and will freely renounce the martyrdom which would endear me to all German hearts. I will wipe off the last traces of the Lord's anointment. Fulfilling my natural destiny as an energetic amateur, I will lecture in the United States upon Theology and Allegorical Painting, combined with character sketches of Uncle Edward, Bismarck, Cousin Nicky, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Czernin, and others who have attempted character sketches of myself. Should lecturing, varied with sermons in the Churches of Christian Science and the sale of my pictures, fail to provide sufficient livelihood, I will comply with Lord Northcliffe's request to contribute my reflections upon the war to the 'Times.' I will also accept his kind suggestion of acting as his Special Correspondent in Berlin."

Signor Nitti: "I will restore the whole of the German-speaking Tyrol to Austria. I will declare Trieste and Fiume free ports for the unrestricted use of Austria, Hungary, Tchecho-Slovakia, and the Jugo-Slavs. I will bestow the Scala Theatre in Milan upon Signor D'Annunzio with a suitable palace to write plays in, provided he does nothing but write them. I will induce the Socialists to invite our King to their fraternal repasts, and the King to hob-nob with the Socialists, provided only that they do not call him Comrade."

Mr. Winston Churchill: "I will forget that I am the Superman, and will cease to rival Napoleon. I will visit Moscow and examine the methods of Bolshevism at first hand, with a view to discovering which of them might be advantageously introduced into this country. I will consult Lenin upon the art of government, and Trotsky upon the art of victory. I will advise Denikin, Koltchak, and Yudenitch to withdraw into private life, after occupying villas upon the coasts of the seas which they are now severally approaching. If I cannot make the Army Accounts balance, I will take more lessons in oil painting and sell the results."

Marshal Foch: "I will instruct my orderly when he wakes me in the morning to cease saying 'What hast thou to do with peace?' and to say instead, 'The war is over.'"

Mr. Austen Chamberlain: "I will attend a Board School for the study of arithmetic. I will thoroughly master the difference in meaning between surplus and deficit. I will try to discover why other people can sell at a profit, and I can only sell at a loss. I will ask why it is that I can induce people to believe that a piece of paper which costs me about a farthing is worth 8s. 9d., but cannot induce them to believe it is worth 20s. I will consult Mr. Smillie on Nationalization, and Mr. Bonar Law on a Capital Levy."

M. Venizelos: "I will cultivate friendship with Bulgaria. I will concede to the Bulgarians Kavalla and Western Thrace. I will persuade the Serbs to withdraw from the Bulgarian parts of Macedonia, and will withdraw the Greeks from the boundaries of Albania. To promote sympathetic agreement throughout the Balkans, I will spend three months in Sophia, three in Belgrade, two in Constantinople, one in Albanian Scutari, and the rest looking after our King in Athens."

The Sultan of Turkey: "Leave me alone! I will be good! I really will!"

The Emperor of Japan: "I will preside over the League of Nations, disband my Army, scuttle my Fleet, swear eternal friendship with the United States, and never cast my eyes upon China again!"

Mr. Bonar Law: "I will join the Queen's Hall orchestra and discover how a second fiddle contrives to take a first fiddle's part so often, and no one notice the difference."

Sir Edward Carson: "I will forbid the Presbyterian clergy of Ulster the Old Testament and the local use of 'Scarlet Woman,' 'Whore of Babylon,' 'Amalekites,' 'Chosen People,' and 'Covenant.' I will

stow our hidden arms upon a liner and sink them off Larne, or sell them back to Germany, whence they came. I will stripe the Orange drum on one side with green and white, and will beat it throughout the Southern Provinces, proclaiming the new Unionism of a united island. I will invite Mr. De Valera to speak in the Ulster Hall upon the axiom that, in Ireland, the worst Irishman is better than the best Englishman. I will request the English garrison to go home. I will smoke out Dublin Castle. I will recite 'The Dark Rosaleen' from the foot of Parnell's Memorial. I will offer myself as Speaker in the Dominion Parliament on College Green. I will take every Irishman and every Irishwoman to my heart."

Lord Birkenhead: "I will not forget that somehow or other I have now become the highest representative of English Law and must behave accordingly. I will hammer it into my head that I ride the Woolsack now, and not a charger in Sir Edward Carson's rebel army. I will drop my title of 'Galloper Freddy.'"

Mr. Ian Macpherson: "'Gang east, gang west, Hame's best.' I've had enough of the west, and I'll just gang hame to the country where my peculiar nature may be comprehended."

Lord Fisher: "Shiver my Dreadnoughts if ever I write a word again! The Scripture saith, 'Oh, that mine enemy had written a book!' But I was my own enemy. Again it saith, 'My tongue is the pen of a ready writer'; and yet again we are told, 'The tongue is an unruly member.' Discipline be damned! But break my heart, as the poet says, for I must anchor my tongue. I've three-six-five letters to the 'Times' ready for launching. Scrap the lot!"

Lord French: "Same here. No more writing for me."

At this point Mr. Lloyd George again rapped with his wand upon the table, and said: "The hour which curtails all resolutions, gentlemen, fast approaches. I can give only two seconds per resolution now, if there are any more to be made." Instantly there rose a hubbub in the room, all shouting their good resolutions together at the top of their voices. But amid the enthusiasm of hopeful repentance, one caught the following vows:—

Bishop of London: "I'll forget I ever wore khaki and sang 'Let me like a soldier fall!'"

General Dyer: "Next time I fire on an unarmed mob, I'll give a full minute's notice."

Lord Northcliffe: "I'm coming round. I am. I feel it."

Sir Auckland Geddes: "I'll return to Canada and teach its youth how to get Bills through Parliament."

Mr. George Lansbury: "I'll try to find somebody I can hate."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: "I'll study the Laws of Evidence."

Dean Inge: "I'll grow like the Optimist in the Johnnie Walker advertisement."

Mr. H. G. Wells: "I'll break my history of the past at 4,000 A.D."

Mr. Bernard Shaw: "I'll forgive William Archer and Squire for making light of the greatest genius in the world, and forget that I was the man they made light of."

Mr. Lloyd George then called for silence while he announced his own resolutions: "I will search for a distinction between contradicaries, and not persuade the audience that both are neither. If I am convinced of a great principle, I will stick to it—for the rest of the day. I will practise for an hour every morning at not saying the thing that is not. During the few minutes when I am not in my place in the House of Commons, I will learn Keynes by heart. I will break up the Coal—"

At that moment Big Ben struck One, and the opportunity for good resolutions was over. But never before had the pavement of Hell been so truly laid, and covered with such solid flagstones.

AGAINST THE FREEDOM OF THE IRISH.

[*Being a Fragment of a Confidential State Paper, hitherto unpublished, of uncertain date, but probably of the eighteenth century or thereabouts.*]

It having been declared that this Government, while assisting certain Nationals to free themselves of foreign Chains and Allegiance,* nevertheless maintain the Catholic Irish in slavery, and that in consequence an almost universal state of Anger, Hatred, Distress, and Rebellion prevails among them; that their People have diminished by one-half, their Trade and Commerce been reduced or extinguished, and many of their ancient Arts forgotten; thousands of their young men and women dispersed or in banishment; great parts of their Lands untilled, or half-returned to Bog and Waste; and that in foreign countries, or even in the King's Dominions, these exiles continually attack or disoblige us, it is replied that it being in no degree the policy of great States to consider the prosperity of small ones, but only their own, the decreasing number of the Irish Papists must redound to the advantage of the British, as both diminishing their enemies, and exhibiting to the world the skill and cunning of their statecraft; whereby two nations, in their origin well matched in Vigour of Mind and in Population, no less than in the Arts and Sciences, have at last been put upon a great inequality, and all seditious motions against the greater Power the more easily suppressed. And it is further contended that if this be spoken of to the hurt of Britain, it will be easy to set it all down to the malice of the Irish; be it their Religion or the natural Frowardness of that People, whose habit it is to prosper in every country but their own. Nevertheless, should the exported Irish call us Tyrants, or incite a foreign Government against us, as in the Americas, we should be ready for them. It will then be of good use to have ever on the Stocks a Bill for the Better Government of Ireland, provided only it be so devised and managed that if it gratify one of their factions another should abhor it, or that the people be so vexed with our soldiery that they will have none of it. By which plan we can the more readily prove that there is no pleasing them.

It will further be remarked of this people that they excel in ingenuity of Mind and in softness of Speech and Manner, in the Beauty of their Women and their well-tempered Climate; so that the bounty of Nature, in disposing of the Island in Lakes and Mountains of a notable grandeur, and Rivers of a clearness only matched by its Skies, cannot be surpassed in any other Land or Continent. It is, therefore, to be apprehended that were the country made free of this Government, the rest of the world would much resort to it and even have occasion to compare it with our own. And being relieved of all provision for Armies and Navies, or from the heavy taxation of the citizens, the growth of the Population and the happiness of the Community would thereby be ensured, to our dispraise with our late Enemies and also with our present Allies. Nor is this matter of speculation only. For it is of common knowledge that this Nation, being known formerly as the Insula Sanctorum, is still unexcelled in Piety, was proficient in Learning, in the making of Laws and Songs, in the arts of Illumination, Broidery, and Stonecraft, and was famed for carrying the Christian doctrine over Europe and even, in some manner, to these shores. Nevertheless, it has been held to be to the advantage of this Realm to hold her up for a set of Rogues and Murderers, and to give her full opportunity to engage in such Practices.

Should, therefore, the Irish be now restored to the enjoyment of their Liberty, there is no telling but that their Artists, Musicians, Builders, Poets, Craftsmen, and Play-writers, their Schools and Scholars, might again put us to shame. Even if this were not so, it is of an ill example to place a Little State in close conjunction with a Great Empire, inasmuch as Common Folk, being less sensible to Glory than their Betters, might be induced to belittle it.

Our Counsel is rather to the pursuance of the Union of these islands, whereby the Irish, having been deprived

* Apparently an early hint of the doctrine of Self-Determination.

of their Industries and made to accept of our own, have been reduced to their present Straits, so that while nothing that we do will content them, they may never hope to be so strong as to overthrow us. After this fashion their rebellious Horde, daily diminishing in strength, will continue to present a good example of the victory of Might, neither choosing their Judges, nor enacting the Laws they administer; neither resorting to our Parliament nor being permitted to assemble their own.

More especially do we commend the device of Plantation, for it is the time-honored practice of Statesmanship to subdue a People by dividing it; we can thus call in the well-affected Protestants, dispensing with all but a few thousands of English Grenadiers and Horse-soldiers. In this matter, it is judged to be of good account to administer aid and encouragement to Rebels, provided they be loyal, while showing no mercy to Traitors. By these and like means it may be hoped that your Government, having no lack of Lords, Gentry, Soldiers, Lawyers, Parsons, Women of Pleasure, Writers, Coffee-House Gossips, Lackeys, Courtiers, Spies, and Politicians to serve it, and possessing the ear of other Sovereigns and States, while the Irish speak only to their Rabble, must needs wax stronger, and the Irish grow still more weak and disaffected. So that they, being reduced in Peace by Poverty, Emigration, and Disease, and their Youth finding honorable employment with our armies in time of War, this troublesome Question should yet come to a speedy end. What call, therefore, for Debate, save to proclaim our Purpose, having got this people, to keep them, which, being an argument that dispenses with every other, is very agreeable to Conquerors?

[*Fragment Ends.*]

COLONEL FRANK JOHNSON ON HIMSELF.

(*Being some extracts from the report in "The Bengalee"* (November 29, 1919) *of the Colonel's evidence given before the Hunter Committee at Lahore.*)

"It was his view that anything organized against Government was seditious. He applied the term seditious to a man who was up against constitutional authority."

"The object of his order shutting up the Langar Khanas where free food was provided was because it appeared to him sedition was preached at these places."

"He thought the punishment (whipping) quite essential under martial law. It was a kinder and deterrent punishment to begin with."

"He thought the people liked martial law, especially the masses."

"Under martial law people were committing new offences, and so whipping had to be resorted to."

"The High Court and other Courts, although nominally at work, had no cases. The Civil authorities were under his control, and he looked upon the Deputy Commissioner as his chief Civil representative."

"A martial law notice poster at Sanatam Dharm College was found torn, and he had all 500 students and professors of the College arrested. They were marched to the fort three miles away. They had to carry their bedding on their heads if they wanted it. It was a hot May day. The action taken against the students was designed to keep them out of mischief and not as a punishment. He was looking for an opportunity to bring home to all concerned what martial law meant. He got the opportunity."

"He first issued orders requiring students of the Dayal Singh College and the Medical College to be present at the roll call at his headquarters four times a day—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7.30 p.m. In order to attend the roll students had to walk sixteen miles a day for three weeks. He thought it was a proper order.

He thought he was doing them a kindness in keeping them out of mischief and physically fit."

"He also discovered students disfiguring pictures of British soldiers and European ladies in illustrated newspapers. Only a few students could have done all this but that was quite enough to deal with the whole lot. That meant punishment to a thousand students."

"In regard to flogging, witness said that he could not say if flogging inside jail was done in the presence of under trial political prisoners. Sentences of five strokes each were imposed on two offenders by Civil authorities for tearing martial law notices. He at once took away powers from these magistrates for being so lenient."

"Questioned in regard to the commandeering of motor cars and conveyances, witness said that in the first instance he commandeered all motor cars. Some of them got certificates of exemptions. Later on some carriages commandeered from the Indians were given for use to the Europeans. He wanted to bring home to the people that the game they were playing was not the right one."

"A priest and some others belonging to a marriage party were arrested and flogged because they were more than ten in number. That was the only regrettable incident that took place under the martial law. It was an instance where there was an absence of blessed tact."

Short Studies.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Just about this time, if one could only obtain a bird's-eye view of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea, one would observe a mysterious migration towards England of vast flocks of more or less gaily-colored birds of passage. Close investigation would reveal a number of species, but they are all of the genus known as Dispersibles. Occasionally they are referred to by harassed non-dispersibles as Homeward Bounders, with the emphasis on the substantive. Birds of Passage is submitted as a pleasing compromise. Call the average naval officer a bird and he will turn and rend you. Call him a bird of passage and he will placidly admit the occasional justness of the metaphor.

And as a bird of passage, as a homeward-bound Dispersible he is a miracle of amiability. He laughs easily. He takes a warm interest in your personal ideals and aspirations. He dispenses gratuities with regal liberality. His baggage bulges with rubbish which he has purchased, at immense expense, in distant ports, for his admiring relatives. A brief glimpse of him on the wing, his breast gleaming with the iridescent plumage of war ribbons, may be of interest. It may obtain for him, in Mr. Conrad's fine phrase, the tribute of a smile which is not a sneer, and a sigh which is not a sob.

You are, we may for a moment imagine, a naval officer of the Reserve (or you would not be a Dispersible) and you have been serving King and Country in a far and distant land. It is not proposed to go very deeply into what you have done in the great war. An impartial court of inquiry might decide that you had the time of your life. They might think there was a portion of grim truth in the facetious legend hanging up in a certain Passage Office:—

"COOK'S TOURS FOR OFFICERS: JOIN THE NAVY
AND SEE THE WORLD IN COMFORT."

To this sort of thing you have your answer of course. You recall the early years of the war, when you were not an officer, with considerable indignation. You joined up, burning to have a bash at the Germans, who were unpleasantly near Paris, and you discovered that the authorities had but the vaguest notion of utilizing your brain and brawn. If you were a rising solicitor with a good Rugby record they gave you the rank of Air Mechanic Second Grade and put you mess-orderly in a camp in Cornwall. If you were an experienced actuary or electrical engineer, you very likely found yourself

sweeping up the workshops on board a balloon-ship, or filling sand-bags in Egypt. You read in the papers the ominous news that if more men were not forthcoming, we were a conquered nation; and every day you beheld a score of men doing a job that two boys could do (in half the time) for a private employer. You had letters from home telling of "war-time economies," and you saw material squandered and spoilt and pilfered all round you in a way that left you gasping at the sheer callous stupidity of it. You lost interest in the war. What was far worse you began to lose interest in yourself. Your hand was losing its cunning at its trade: your brain was becoming dull and sodden and uncertain. The great aim of the authorities seemed to be to make you utterly unfit for anything at all above a scullion's job, and then report on you as incapable of soldierly or officer-like conduct.

But how well you remember the day of your deliverance! The day a strange Staff-officer arrived, and you were sent in to state your case. He was kind, he was tactful, he was heartening. Amazing to recall how he conveyed the novel impression that you were a human being and not a piece of dirt sticking to the tyres of his car. You had almost forgotten that you were an educated professional man before the war. You picked up. You were able to give a decent account of yourself. A brief period of dazed depression shot with gleams of hope, and lo! you had a magic paper recommending you for a commission in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

And you could get a uniform for seven guineas in those days!

Then followed a totally new revelation of the way in which war is waged. You look back at that period with awe. You recall the slow disillusionment of your mind as you discovered your superior officers, one by one, to be rather indolent and easy-going gentlemen depending on some highly qualified C.P.O. for guidance and expert counsel. You found hydrogen-officers who knew nothing of hydrogen, engineer-officers who knew nothing of engines, armament officers who spent their days writing silly articles for the Press, airmen who never went in the air, technical officers who knew less of technology than their men, and transport-officers profoundly ignorant of stowage or the stability of ships. Your own job, which probably was to go round in a high-powered motor-launch and ask for trivial information which could easily have been signalled, was interesting; and by this time you had acquired the standardized, case-hardened official habit of mind. You did what you were told to do and looked no further. If you made a suggestion you were quietly snubbed. And how easy it was to get into that habit of official acquiescence! How easy to snub others quietly if they showed enthusiasm! How fatally easy! You can see now, as you stand at the threshold of your new civilian life, that it will not be so easy to get the habit of independent and responsible action once more. It will not be easy to acquire the old habit of doing a solid, slogging day's work. You are not quite sure, but you rather think you have grown the least little bit soft.

And then, after some years of this, the Armistice happened and you discovered in Monthly Orders that you had achieved a new rôle and had become a Dispersible.

And you were happy. Your old job was still open, or your friend was still keeping your practice going, as the case might be. After all you would soon get into the stride again. And how delightful to be doing something real once more, something that would be of some use, that would bring in a profit and do the world some good. Delightful! for, as you looked back, the broad general impression the war had made upon your mind was of officers living in hotels and doing nothing most of the time, of ships lying in boomed harbors and doing nothing save burn coal and oil and drive their crews crazy with inaction, of camps where men did nothing save obsolete drill, of large vague movements which came to nothing and merged vaguely into other movements—an impression of colossal waste, colossal apathy, colossal folly.

But you were a Dispersible, and having filled in your forms, you went round humming a tune.

Of course, dealing with a form takes time, especially if it has to be sent out to a man in Hodeida, or Suez, or Smyrna or Damascus, or Teheran, and returned to London. A man serving at home is often demobilized before the birds of passage have received the Monthly Orders. Months pass. Peace is signed. You have had your baggage labelled, and an obliging P.O. has made you a substantial chest in which to stow your curios. Finally, just as you are becoming resigned to the cheerful pessimism of your comrades, a cable arrives. It announces that Lieutenant So-and-So is being relieved by Lieutenant Thingummy, on whose arrival Lieutenant So-and-So is to proceed to London and report. You study this cable as a lover studies the face of his beloved. It is incredible. As a business man aforetime you can hardly believe it. Here is a cable sent through from London in thirty hours, and you know for a fact that a large cargo-boat in the harbor has been held up for a fortnight because her commander cannot get a cabled reply from his owners. You are evidently of more value to the State than an eight-thousand ton ship costing two hundred pounds a day to hire. In the meanwhile a foreign vessel has mopped up much of the freight and is already outward bound to New York. You feel a glow of triumph in the efficiency of your Government. It occurs to you suddenly that all the thousands of other tuppenny-ha'penny lieutenants are being cabled individually in the same way. It is marvellous, it is magnificent, it is art!

And now you discover a new game. Your relief having arrived and a friendly paymaster having provided you with a warrant which boldly authorizes you to cross the English Channel, you proceed by a convenient warship to some place celebrated in song and story. You may very well be going away from England—but no matter. That is the game. You arrive at this place, say Constantinople or Alexandria, and you are instructed to live in a magnificent hotel until another warship can take you to Malta. You carry out these instructions to the letter. You spend a great deal of money. The Government, by the way, have a mysterious doctrine that an officer can travel all over Europe for eight pounds one shilling. Why eight pounds *one* nobody seems to know. You are even provided in advance with this standard sum. You are charged ferocious prices at the hotels, the warship's steward relieves you of three-and-six a day for your victuals on board, the local talent endeavor to strip you of your last piastre in cab-fares and porterage, and to make your financial position still more acute, you have injudiciously paid thirty pounds for a carpet which you don't need and which an expert now informs you was made in Milwaukee and is afflicted with aniline dyes. While pondering on this last calamity you come across an Admiralty Monthly Order which prohibits officers from importing carpets, rugs or any other Oriental fabrics. You board the ferry for Malta in somewhat chastened mood.

Allocated to your use you find a narrow shelf hastily fitted up in an ammunition chamber. There are four of you accommodated in what would make a useful office safe. Apart from having no ventilation and no daylight, it has just been fumigated by the Clayton process and the bedding emits a frightful effluvium of sulphur, carbon bi-sulphide and assafetida, which is like nothing on earth. You dash out your brains against a huge water-tight door as you get out in the morning, for the ship, like most naval craft, is rolling "gunwales under" in a calm summer sea. You find the washing accommodation is several bulkheads away and consists of a tin basin and a little water the color of strong tea, due to the rust in the tank being agitated by the ship's motion. You wait, six deep, for your turn at the basin. You envy the lower-deck ratings swinging in their hammocks in the flats like clusters of bats, from which they tumble to take a sluice in a bucket or a turn under a hose. You may also envy them their food, as you sit at your naval breakfast of weak cold tea, sour bread and a speck of tinned kipper. The joke about officers travelling first class seems a poor thing just now. You arrive in Malta extremely hungry, rather sick owing to sleeping without ventilation, and worried over what will happen to you,

But of course nothing does happen. You are now fairly on the way. You are like one of those balls in drapers' shops which run on little railways round the shop, change over, descend to a fresh level, go on rolling and finally drop with a crash in front of the cash desk. That is precisely what is happening to you now. You are rolling homeward. Here in Malta you are switched to a fresh line. Presently you will be rolling across France, across the Channel, and finally you will drop with a thump in front of the desk in Whitehall or St. James's Park.

But for the moment you halt at Malta, awaiting passage. Malta is the centre from which radiates the peculiar service of warship-ferries upon which you are travelling. In Malta, sooner or later, you will meet everybody you have ever served or sailed with. The paymaster who snapped at you in Scapa Flow, the engineer who borrowed a pound from you in Suez, the surgeon who cleaned you out at poker in Bizerta, the airman who took you out in Salonika and got you into a frightful scrape—all are to be found sooner or later in Malta. Stowed away in the interstices of her ancient and stupendous hotels, inhabiting the stone-flagged halls and refectories where knights in armor strutted centuries ago, you will find all the men you have ever loved or hated, going out or going home. Good and bad, dull and clever, high and low, drunk or sober, they come and they go. It is a great game. It is, one must presume, a necessary game. You, as a bird of passage, find your plumage unruffled. You have no cares. Your responsibilities do not begin until you are dispersed. You await, in your sumptuous hotel, your orders to proceed.

And then, in a few days or so, you are once more on the wing.

WILLIAM MCFEE.

Communications.

SOLDIERS AND THE CIVIL LAW.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Whoever may turn out to be to blame for the Amritsar tragedy, it is to be hoped that *THE NATION* will not be alone in calling attention to the liability of any British officers who, in India or elsewhere, may commit criminal acts in the supposed execution of their duty. The subject is one of the utmost importance.

As long ago as the reign of William III., it was found necessary to pass an Act to punish Colonial Governors for crimes committed in the Colonies, by providing that they should be tried for such crimes in the Court of King's Bench, in London. But this Act was found to be not sufficiently comprehensive, and in the forty-second year of George III. its provisions were extended so as to secure that, if any person employed in the service of the Crown, in any civil or military station or capacity out of Great Britain, should commit any indictable offence in the execution of, or under color of his office, he might be prosecuted for the same in the Court of King's Bench. The words "under color of his office" are significant words, showing that the Legislature foresaw the invariable defence set up for illegal and arbitrary acts done by officials. The supremacy of the criminal law was actually vindicated, as is well-known to lawyers, against General Picton and General Wall, who were both tried in the King's Bench for cruelties committed, the one in Trinidad, and the other in Goree, and both were convicted. Much later, proceedings were begun against Governor Eyre for alleged cruelties in Jamaica, but were rendered abortive owing to the Grand Jury of Middlesex ignoring the Bill.

None of these cases bears any analogy in seriousness to the Amritsar case as described in General Dyer's evidence before the Commission presided over by Lord Hunter. General Picton and General Wall were each accused of cruelty to a single individual, the defence of

the latter being that he acted as he did to put down a threatened mutiny. General Eyre acted under Martial Law, and was accused of having deliberately abused his powers under that cover. Nevertheless, all the officials suffered for their acts. Governor Eyre retired into private life. General Picton was killed at Waterloo before the legal arguments connected with the special verdict found against him by the jury were decided. General Wall was hanged, although he had evaded trial for twenty years.

The remarkable features of the Amritsar case seem to be, as far as they can be gathered from the published evidence, that there had been no proclamation of Martial Law, that the officer in command was not the Governor, and that he had no orders to do what he did from the Governor, though his acts were ratified afterwards by that official. The least remote parallel I can find to this Amritsar tragedy is the Peterloo massacre; but there the military officer was ordered to do what he did by the civil magistrates. He charged the crowd, but without firing on it, and though the results were terrible, yet the casualties were small compared with those alleged to have occurred at Amritsar.

That prosecutions have not been more frequent than they have been under the Acts of William III. and George III., is probably due to the fact that arbitrary acts by officials have been often given legal protection by Acts of Indemnity passed for that very purpose; and, as is well known, an Act of Indemnity has been passed for India this year. The legal effect of that Act will have to be settled. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that an Act of Indemnity will cover any arbitrary act however extravagant. The true view of its effect may be seen stated in the charge to the jury of Mr. Justice Chamberlain in the civil case of *Wright v. Fitzgerald*, a charge warmly approved of by Lord Elverton, afterwards Lord Avonmore. The defendant, who was High Sheriff of Tipperary, was accused of brutally flogging the plaintiff during the Irish Rebellion, in the 18th century, and the defendant pleaded an Act of Indemnity. The learned judges thus dealt with his plea in their charge:—

"The Jury were not to imagine that the Legislature, by enabling magistrates to justify under the Indemnity Bill, had relieved them from the feelings of humanity, or permitted them wantonly to exercise power, even though it were to put down rebellion. No, it expected that in all cases there should be a grave and serious examination into the conduct of the supposed criminal, and every act should show a mind intent to discover guilt and not to inflict torture."

The result was that the jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for £500.

It may be useful to add what Lord Chief Justice Cockburn wrote about Acts of Indemnity in a note appended to the published report of his charge to the Grand Jury in the case against Colonel Nelson and Lieut. Brand, officers who took part, under Governor Eyre, in putting down the Jamaica riots. After deprecating the reckless use of Martial Law, in reliance upon a statutory indemnity for unwarrantable acts, he said:—

"The only legitimate purpose of an Indemnity Act is to protect a man who, placed in trying circumstances, and called upon to exercise a doubtful and ill-defined power, has gone, as is very likely to happen in such a case, in ignorance or haste, but not intentionally, beyond the limits of the law."

The noticeable words here are "but not intentionally."

One more high authority may be cited, Professor Dicey, who, in discussing how far a soldier may plead the orders of his superior in committing unlawful acts, says this:—

"An officer orders his men to fire on a crowd whom he thinks could not be dispersed without the use of firearms. As a matter of fact, the amount of force which he wishes to employ is excessive, and order could be kept by the mere threat that force would be used. The order, therefore, to fire is not in itself a lawful order—that is, the colonel or other officer who gives it is not legally justified in giving it, and will himself be held criminally responsible for the death of any person killed by the discharge of firearms."—*Constitutional Law*, c. 7.

And he cites a passage from Mr. Justice Stephen's

"History of the Criminal Law of England" on the same subject, which concludes with this sentence:—

"I think it is not less monstrous to suppose that superior orders would justify a soldier in the massacre of unoffending civilians in time of peace, or in the exercise of inhuman cruelties, such as a slaughter of women and children, during a rebellion."

These views seem to have a bearing on what has happened in India.—Yours, &c.,

A LAWYER.

Letters to the Editor.

YOUTH AND THE WAR.

SIR,—I have read the letter of "A Soldier of the War" with a joy that is three parts pain. Most of what he says many will share and endorse; the first wave of idealism, naked in its innocence, followed by the gradual disillusionment, and culminating in the complete revelation of the utter mockery, the deep degradation, and in the "incomprehensible fatuity" of this thing—war. This last conviction is burned into the breasts of most active-service soldiers and one hopes that verses like those of Mr. Sassoon and memoirs like that of Ben Keeling have brought it nearer home. Perhaps if Youth controlled our education we might see history re-written and re-taught so that our sons, too, might never forget.

But this is negative and destructive and itself leading nowhere. A year has passed—truly a tragic year—sown in hatred and reaping its inevitable fruits.

While those in high places have been idly busy worshipping the idol of unity of command, what of the soldiers of the war? Surely we have to work back to idealism again, which must be at once more difficult and more sane, the idealism of everyday common life, the patriotism of peace.

It may be known to some how a few years ago a band of men leagued together in Flanders and made a human and heroic attempt to express by a small organization their ideals of a post-war England. Most of that band are now gone. But their work sprang free-born from below, it was unknown to Authority. Their aim was to combat apathy and indifference in all its insidious forms, to stir the heart of England to recognize the value of every human soul, and to spread a reign of brotherhood among all men. And now as I read through its mud-stained memorandum, I cannot forget that it is sealed with the blood of fallen ones. The cynic may call it a vain dream, but these dreams have a curious haunting power, and it is for us to see that it does not break out into a hideous nightmare.

This is no time for carping criticism, though the day is over-ripe for pointed and constructive criticism. But, above all, it is time for work and action of a rather direct nature, for the new world is powerless to be born until we can speak with a united voice. It may or may not be practical to organize soldiers to fight for peace, but their petitions would surely deserve as careful a hearing as those of any party or union in the country. There is a great hope (and, of course, the only hope) in the great masses of Englishmen, for the black picture your correspondent paints could only be true if this Government really represented public opinion.

It is no place here to set forth a political programme. But if there is one thing for which we all can work, it is the League of Nations: that is worth another Crusade in itself. If we do not soon breathe some life into the dry bones of that League it will remain a skeleton for future generations to mock. No one has more right than we to do it, for it would seem that the old men—with brilliant exceptions—cannot understand it, either in letter or less in spirit. It is, then, for us to act and lead lest Youth also is to be found betraying its brothers. It is our simplest and most sacred duty.—Yours, &c.,

ANOTHER SOLDIER OF THE WAR.

Worcester College, Oxford.

SIR,—Your correspondent "A Soldier of the War" is bitter. He is not without cause to be so, nor is he alone

in his disillusionment. It is difficult to see what good has accrued to the world through the war: no cursory glance will suffice to show us; the symptoms of the good are too deeply laid, the symptoms of evil are on the top. The good has been stifled and trodden underfoot, and he has lost sight of it. Let him take courage; our comrades have not died for nothing, unless it be the will or the fault of Youth that they should have done so.

Just once again Youth has been called in to try and rectify the wrongs of Age. We did so to the best of our ability; we came back exhausted in time to find that Age had with some amount of care been busily perpetrating a new series of wrongs—also presumably to be rectified by Youth on some future occasion. It was a shock to find that patriotic old gentlemen who had urged us to stamp out Prussianism as an evil growth, were now fervently carrying out a policy of blockade against the non-combatants of those countries whose armies we had recently been fighting. We remonstrated; we pointed out that we had not at the cost of a sacrifice which will never be known, overcome Fritz for them to have the privilege of treading on him when he was down, and also of trampling on Mrs. Fritz and her children at the same time; we also pointed out that it was just because we hated that kind of thing so intensely that we went out to crush it, not because we envied Prussia's efficiency in Prussianism.

But they were ready for us, they made it clear to us that we were there to fight battles and win victories, but as to having a hand in the policy of peace—oh! dear me, no! What did we know about it: we were dealing with Huns and what did it matter what we did?

It was un-Christian? Nonsense! What had Christianity got to do with it? Of course, it was all very well in its place, you know, but really, really—why if we started putting Christian teaching into action, goodness only knows what might happen. Unheard of! Besides Christianity did not take into account people like the Huns. So we were told. What fools we were! We trusted them. We thought they meant it when they talked about a "war to end war."

Yes, we are wiser now. We shall not be deceived again. Let "A Soldier of the War" listen with all his faculties: he will hear a mighty rumbling: Youth is awaking.

We fought for a better England; we will have one, for we will make it ourselves. We will break free from the old ideas; we will see that our comrades have not died in vain; we will not be silent any longer.

We need not lose our Idealism: if we lose our trust in the "Old Idea" it will suffice. I believe there is in the Youth of this country and in men of goodwill the power and capability of building that England which we have dreamt about and fought for. But we must do it.—Yours, &c.,

ERIC H. W. HAYWARD.

SIR,—The letter of "A Soldier of the War" excites my deep sympathy. In 1914 he was young—he tells us so; but now he is old, very old, and who that reads his letter can doubt it? But, as another young man who went to the war and voluntarily assumed a mode of life utterly distasteful, I should find myself in total disagreement with the writer of that letter were it not for his final appeal to revive a better nature which, he believes, has perished miserably during the war. We others did not go to the war regarding it "as a great adventure." War was a thing equally abhorrent to heart and intellect. And we went through "our mad military manoeuvres" in grim seriousness. "Indeed we were very young," and our imaginations told us something of what was to come. We were not "happy that our country had gone to war," but proud that our country had stood true to its word. Very few of us possessed the heroic spirit that aspires to triumphs. Most of us expected an untimely death. And many of us got it.

But it is not his indictment of Government or Press which I would answer. He may be right. His opinions do not concern me. Let older men, grown effete with politics, wrangle over these questions. It is his lost ideals and his lost faith in mankind, which is far more serious, if his case be typical, and that I cannot believe.

The men who endured to the end, cursing and working;

who did not cry, "Oh, stop this awful war," but clenched their teeth and said, "Let's get the damned job done," are the men to fight the battles of mind and spirit which lie before us.

Reconstruction? Yes, it is a fine ideal, but a fine mess will be made of it if left to the dear old fogies who are still debating the past, with their backs set square against the future.

But Youth is stirring. We see the League of Youth growing greater and stronger each day, and it is destined to grow, for the Spirit of Youth is in it, and Youth must and shall prevail. By banding together the young men and women of the country in one great non-party union, it is pushing the claims of Youth to a greater share in the control of the country they have saved.

No wonder the palsied hands that moved us like pawns on the chess-board during the war rise in horror at the mere thought of Youth controlling its destiny!

No wonder politicians and Press men, with a doubtful past, sought to smother it at birth! But now it has become a power to reckon with in the moulding of the future, and if any soldier of the war would help to build a better world-state upon the ruins of the war, let him bring his ideals to the free forum of the League and join in its great work.

This is not an appeal; it is merely a suggestion. His appeal to stop the war failed, as the "Soldier of the War" laments. And his present appeal "to revive that better nature which died during the war" will meet with like success if left in the appealing stage.

What we need—both for ourselves and the world—is work.—Yours, &c.,

ANOTHER SOLDIER OF THE WAR.

1, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. 2.

WELTSCHMERZ.

SIR,—The concluding sentence in Mr. Middleton Murry's review of "The War Pictures at the Royal Academy" embodies a temperamental paradox so acute that I trust you will allow a few lines of space for its discussion. Mr. Murry is one of the few intellectual leaders of the younger generation in whom we can trust; his power of sheer thinking is matched by a fierce, proud honesty which is sometimes almost lurid in its intensity. While the catch-penny poets squeak in the market-places and the shoddy painters gibber in the studios, Mr. Murry quietly keeps before us the knowledge of a Hardy, a Renoir, who point not only forward to the authentic new, but backward to the deathless old. It is therefore of as much importance to ourselves as to him that he should realize this: that the "weariness" of which he speaks, by a logic implicit in his own words, is no more permanent than the drifted soot of chimneys upon green leaves. We must use, he writes, "all the strength and subtlety of art to render the weariness that has descended upon our souls." Mr. Murry stands here self-confessed as the philosopher of dawns rather than the elegist of sunsets. For the important point is that he considers men still capable of "all the strength and subtlety of art." His "weariness," surely, is a disgust, a disillusion, a complex of subtler things, but not that imbecility of the soul which, in decaying civilizations, saps the fabric of men while morals totter and art whimper like a dotard or a hydrocephalic baby. If Mr. Murry still thinks men capable of such strength and subtlety, he must feel, beyond the sickness of a year or a decade, that the weariness will pass like the soot; the green leaves will prevail.—Yours, &c.,

LOUIS GOLDING.

Chiswick. December 22nd, 1919.

WANTED, A SHILLING EDITION OF MR. KEYNES'S BOOK.

SIR,—I believe that no average person, not even if imperfectly equipped to discern the full economic implications of the German Peace Treaty, could read its bare text through without feeling the conviction close chillingly around his spirit that it is quite the most appalling and inhuman political document on record in history. The fact that it is preposterous to the degree of absurdity offers the

momentary relief of an irresistible provocation to scoff at it: but it is, unfortunately, not an ordinary nightmare, such as one may know, in one's sleep, to be too bad to be true. It is already actively doing its spiritual work in reconstituting the German national will (on the platform of the counter-revolution) far more rapidly than there is any likelihood or possibility of its operating to produce the material indemnities it purports to secure for the Allies. Any intelligent Press correspondent in Germany will tell you this, though his employer will not let him tell the public here.

"What I want to know is, how to smash it?" was the reply of a well-known journalist to me when I spoke as above to him a few weeks ago.

Well, one thing that would help, perhaps more than anything else, would be the immediate publication of a shilling edition of Mr. Maynard Keynes's book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," which you review to-day, for very few people can or will read through the Treaty itself, whilst this book would be assured of wide popularity by its literary attractions alone. It may be that the responsible guides of the activities of the League of Nations Union, some of whom are reputed to think much the same of the Peace Treaty as does Mr. Keynes himself, are confident that when once the League gets established it will act with a modifying and solvent effect on the Treaty—and that this is the only possible line of attack. But at present, so far as the Union's very capably written and pleasantly persuasive periodicals and pamphlets, it appears to me to be doing little more than bleating up the wrong tree.

If the League of Nations Union will act on what most of those who count for anything in it are probably thinking, or will be thinking when they have apprehended what Mr. Keynes's book makes clear, they will straightforwardly face the fact that the Peace Treaty makes impossible the effectual realization of their idea of the League of Nations; they will wheel into line with Mr. Keynes, who has led off with such an effective heavy salvo, and will concentrate the efforts of their organization, in the first place, on educating the public to recognize the true character of the Versailles Treaty—a more terrible threat to the already disastrously compromised future of Europe than anything else that the League of Nations, if and when it should actually come into being, can have to contend against.

Here is tangible and imminent danger to fight; here is something that must stir indignation in every sound heart and contempt in every sane intelligence; here is a stumbling-block to all possible progress in the direction of the League's dearest purposes.

The League of Nations Union could make in aid of their purposes no more effectual use of its funds than to finance and distribute widely this cheap reprint of Mr. Keynes's fine document. There will be plenty of readers for it.—Yours, &c.,

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

37, Brookfield, Highgate, N. 6.
December 20th, 1919.

CHILDREN AND LYDDITE.

SIR,—I was surprised and pained to read in THE NATION for December 6th your attack upon books designed to make children regard the war as a jolly adventure. I am compelled to suppose that you have not yet realized the grave danger against which, with great foresight, such books are directed. For countless ages the old have been the acknowledged leaders of the young; indeed, this has been one of our chief links with the primitive savage. But, as a result of the war, our empire totters. The only way to preserve it is that adopted by the authors whom you censure. We have taught the young to believe in righteous wars, therefore we must induce them to kill each other. For, if not, they might kill us.—Yours, &c.,

SENEX.

THE OUTRAGE ON IRELAND.

SIR,—One's doubts whether the Sinn Fein leaders have, as you suggest, erred in refusing to come to the House of Commons, are strengthened by one consideration which Mr. Gallagher does not mention in his letter of last week. It

is a point on which many Englishmen will feel more sensitive even than an Irishman.

The Home Rule proposals which passed both Houses of Parliament and received the Royal Assent, are nullified. According to all the formalities of constitutional ritual, Irish nationhood has been recognized. But it proves to have been only lip-service. Now, if our solemn celebration of the sanctities of Parliamentary institutions and constitutional methods is received with mockery by a disillusioned people, why should we be pained or even surprised? What can we say or do to prove our sincerity of purpose? By our own action we have abolished constitutionalism in our relations with Ireland. Her aloofness is the only dignified reply.—Yours, &c.,

W. E. IRELAND.

45, Victoria Road, Macclesfield.

THE UNIONIST PROTEST AGAINST COERCION.

SIR,—In your article "How We Govern Ireland," you suggest, possibly unintentionally, that my recent protest against the methods that have lately been adopted by the Irish Executive is due to their "folly in hurting my pocket." This is not the case: except for four shillings, the price of a photograph to affix to my motor permit, the policy of the Government has done me no financial injury, nor has it caused me much personal inconvenience. I protested against it because I can see that it is manufacturing Sinn Feiners and destroying all prospect of building up a party from the moderate men, who though almost voiceless still form the majority of the Irish people.—Yours, &c.,

BRYAN COOPER.

[It was not our intention to do Major Bryan Cooper any injustice.—ED., NATION.]

JUSTICE FOR THE TURKS.

SIR,—The victorious British have indicted the Turks with massacring their Armenian subjects, Armenians having first massacred Muslims and risen in rebellion against the Turkish Empire.

We have enforced the trial and condemnation of Turks concerned; one being hanged.

Unless we British are to stand condemned as hypocrites, General Dyer must be brought to London to stand his trial. Unless this is done, we shall have affirmed the right of generals to shoot on sight all and sundry in order to quell a rebellion.—Yours, &c.,

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

25, Russell Square, Brighton.

THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

SIR,—Interesting as is your article on "The Future of British Parties" it gives no hint of supplying Labor with the "intellectual resources" she "obviously lacks." If you and Mr. Garvin are right that the power of Liberalism as an independent governing force in our politics seems to have passed away; if Labor "does indeed fill a growing place in the popular imagination" and is likely at no distant time to be asked to assume the responsibilities of Government, why then do you not throw in your lot unreservedly with Labor so as to help to mend its deficiencies, to broaden its outlook, and to equip it for the burden of national leadership? You appear to have two reasons. One is that Labor is a class party, as evidenced by the miners' ballot against income-tax. A miners' ballot is not, however, taken by the political Labor Party, however symptomatic it may be of tendencies in Labor. We need not debate the particular instance, but supposing it were indefensible, it is exactly to prevent socially indefensible action that Labor needs the adhesion and support of a wide society of human knowledge, experience, and outlook. It cannot be made too widely known that the Labor Party is open to people of all classes who declare themselves in general sympathy with its aims and methods. Labor will free itself of the "stigma"

of being a class party in proportion as professional men and women—artists, writers, doctors, lawyers, as well as manual workers—are prepared to join the local Labor Parties and provide ideas and stimulus where more than anywhere else they are needed. Your second hesitation about the Labor Party appears to arise from your anticipation that some new co-ordination of "progressive forces" is needed to provide a "broader and finer political conception" than that of the present Government. That may come: but, clearly, Liberalism is at present no more ready for it than Labor. The old influences are too strong and hard. Liberalism is destitute of prophetic voices, of inspiring direction; it is no more governed by great ideas than is Labor. Indeed it lacks the vision that Labor (with all its limitations) indubitably possesses. Clearly it is not to be expected that Labor—insurgent, triumphant Labor—will cast longing glances towards what it regards as effete or *dilettante* Liberalism. That Labor will not do for the next decade. Yet Labor may lose by being cut adrift from the broader, more liberalizing, and humanitarian ideas. Surely the case is overwhelming for the real Liberals coming boldly over into the Labor movement and accepting gladly the new framework of a more democratic party than even the old Liberal Party was. There in the Labor Party is the nucleus of the great democratic party of the future, shaped by the equalitarian ideas of free Socialism, by the libertarian ideas of a wise humanism and (as I hope) by the fraternal ideas implicit in Christianity.

Permit me to add that I write for myself only and not for friends with whom I may happen to be associated.—Yours, &c.,

ARCHIBALD RAMAGE.

West Ealing, W. 13.

UNIVERSITY COURSES IN FICTION.

SIR,—The writer of the article "Plain and Colored" in THE NATION, complains that our Universities "refuse to follow the intelligent example of Yale and Harvard in starting courses in modern fiction." As far as Cambridge is concerned, this is incorrect. The regulations of the English Tripos demand of candidates a knowledge of English literature extending to the present day; and the Modern Languages Board provides lectures which not only sketch the history of the novel through the classical period and deliberately illustrate the ancestry of some of the "classics" of to-morrow, but accord full and special treatment also to the various currents of present-day fiction and their relation to the varied aspects of "The Spirit of the Age."—Yours, &c.,

BRIAN W. DOWNS.

Christ's College, Cambridge.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND CHRISTIANITY.

SIR,—The Bishop of London in the Journal of the League of Nations Union is reported as saying that the League of Nations "is a great Christian idea," and that "it is Christianity writ large!" Lord Robert Cecil, who is the Chairman of the Executive, is also reported in this journal as saying that "the provisions of the Covenant alone would not preserve peace, but that the real motive for peace is a spiritual one and must be sought in Christianity."

After this manifesto from English churchmen it is not surprising that the Catholic Deputy, Signor Longinotti, representing the popular party in Italy, should reject the Peace Treaty because "it is inspired with a significantly imperialistic spirit, and would be a sure and lasting source of further demands and new conflicts."

At the Peace Conference there was no question raised about Lord Cecil's "real motive for peace"; at least, not a single clause of the Treaty mentions this motive. It is not Christianity which will promote peace among the nations, but fair dealing between man and man and respect for the religion of other people.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM POEL.

Putney.

FATHERS AND SONS.

SIR,—Has "Posthumus" never read "The Newcomes?" "Our good Colonel was not of the tyrannous but the loving order of fathers; and having fixed his whole heart on this darling son was punished by a hundred little mortifications. . . . Sometimes a literary conversation would ensue after dinner. . . . He heard opinions that amazed and bewildered him; that Byron was no great poet. . . . that his favorite Dr. Johnson did not write English; that young Keats was a genius, and that a young gentleman of Cambridge who had lately published two volumes of verse might take rank with the greatest poets of all! . . . Such opinions were not of the Colonel's time. He tried in vain to construe Oenone and make sense of Lamia. And that reverence for Mr. Wordsworth, what did it mean? . . . All these opinions were uttered openly over the Colonel's claret as he and Mr. Binnie sat wondering at the speakers who were knocking the Gods of their youth about their ears. . . . In the midst of artists and their talk the poor Colonel was equally in the dark. . . . As for the vaunted Elgin marbles—it might be that a battered torso was a miracle, and a broken-nosed bust a perfect beauty. He tried to see that they were. He went away privily and worked at the National Gallery with a catalogue, and passed hours in the Museum before the statues, desperately praying to comprehend them. Whereas when Clive came to look at these same things his eyes would lighten up with pleasure. . . . Together they were, yet he was alone still. His thoughts were not the boy's. . . . Oh, thou fond fool. . . . Wherefore were wings made and do feathers grow but that birds should fly? The instinct that bids you love your nest, leads the young ones to seek a tree of their own," &c.

In truth there is nothing strange in the doings of to-day. The bronze age youth doubtless despised his grandfather who would go on using flint. Each of us in turn is "the heir of all the ages in the foremost ranks of time." And then has to take a back seat. "Posthumus" suffers from the lack of consideration shown him by the youths of to-day. Let him comfort himself by the thought that the more inconsiderate they are of the feelings of others, the worse they will "get it all back again" when their children and children's children insist in their turn in asserting their will.

So the world goes round and round and round. Whether it advances is another question.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. DURHAM.

THE CAUSE OF GRAVITATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, in discussing the theory of relativity, makes the remark "What the relativity theory has really proved is not that space and time are twisted, but that rays of light are twisted as they pass near the sun."

Now Michael Faraday revealed to us decades ago that a beam of light could be twisted by electro-magnetic action. The deduction hence is possible that the action of the sun is of electro-magnetic character. From which it is possible to deduce that gravitation itself is of electro-magnetic character. Or that both gravitational and electro-magnetic action are both dependent on some deeper quality of motion.

It only remains to discover what the nature of this motion is and the mode of its operation. Is this possible?—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR TURNBULL.

22, Lilybank Gardens, Glasgow, W.

A COMIC GHOST STORY.

SIR,—Apropos of Mr. Max Beerbohm's "Seven Men," your reviewer thinks that the short story "Hilary Maltby and Stephen Braxton" is "something new in literature"—a comic ghost story, with a real ghost. May I, in Mr. Birrell's phrase, "remind" him of "The Tankerville Ghost," by Oscar Wilde?—Yours, &c.,

ALLAN M. LAING.

161, Smithdown Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.

VIENNA EMERGENCY FUND.

THE Editor acknowledges, with many thanks, receipt of the following sums:—£10 from Frederick Rose, Esq.; £1 1s. from Hubert I. Sweeney, Esq.

THE Editor would be obliged if Mr. Ralph Hodgkin would send his address.

Poetry.

MY COTTAGE IN A WOOD.

BUILD my cottage in a wood,
Dig the earth, and make it good;
One long room will be enough,
From the feet unto the brow;
Let the glow-worm over-head,
Light the taper for my bed,
And the owlets in the tree,
Croon a midnight mass for me.

THE BRIDE.

I COULD not look into those eyes;
I could not see with my own eyes at all
The silver body—
Nor the hair of musk,
That honied vesture of a mind
Whose thoughts are snow-white birds,
Their wings moving with music,
Their voices
Flutes in the amorous dusk.

Those purposed raptures,
Delicate things of doom,
They die on the empty air,
They flame and die,
O mute invisible bride,
They pass from the lips of God
Like drops fall'n from the bill of a drinking bird.

I too,
I too shall lapse
Into the loom of the grass
When time and vain eternity instal
Their daft horizons, and I yield
Their irrelevant victory.
But what word, what word oracular,
Shall be heard in the terraces then?
To what remembered twilight will you come,
O mute invisible bride?

A. E. COPPARD.

THE WAGGONER.

THE old waggon drudges through the miry lane
By the skulking pond where the sallows frown,
Notched dumb surly images of pain;
On a dulled earth the night droops down.

Wincing to slow and wistful airs
The leaves on the shrubbed oaks know their hour,
And the unknown wandering spoiler bares
The thorned black hedge of a mournful shower.

Small beings flutter in the dead brown wrack
As the stumbling shaft-horse jingles past
And the waggoner flicks his whip a crack:
The odd light leaves the great glooms massed.

Over the lodges and oasts and byres
Of the darkened farm, the moment hangs wan,
As though nature flagged and all desires:
While in the dim court the ghost is gone

From the hug-secret yew to the stables' dead wall
And stooping there seems to listen to
The waggoner leading the gray to stall,
As centuries past it used to do.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.



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Charming Reproduction Lace Oval Table Centre.
Size 14 by 20 ins.
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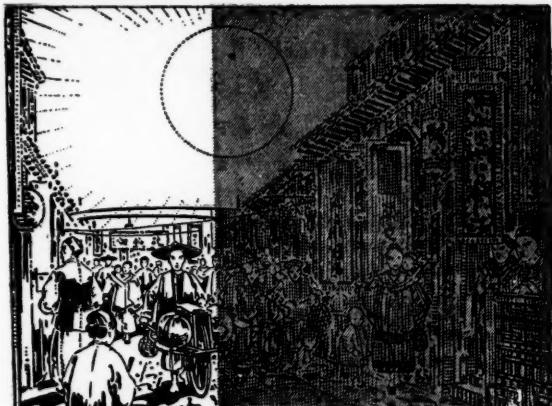
The Specimen Bargains above are merely examples of the wonderful value to be obtained.

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9,000 yards 31 in. Reversible Shadow Taffeta, specially recommended for hard wear.
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WORLD BROTHERHOOD & THE POUND NOTE

In 1914, in China, £1 would buy 8 Taels or 10 Dollars.

On December 10th, 1919, £1 would buy about 2½ Taels or 4 Dollars.

For £1 sent out to China in 1914, the Missionary Societies must send out £3 0s. 8d. in December 1919 to carry out the same work.

If the Missionary Societies' income were allowed to stand where it did in 1914, two-thirds of the work in China would be eclipsed, as indicated in the picture.

His Excellency C. T. Wang, Envoy of the Chinese Republic at the Peace Conference (himself the son of a Chinese pastor attached to a British Missionary Society and educated at a Missionary College), says:—

"The best means of bringing freedom to the world is to carry Christianity to all people. . . . In our effort to establish a true democracy in China we are convinced that an effective way of realising our objective is to bring Christianity to the Chinese people."

Generous contributions are asked for the under-named Societies co-operating in this advertisement in order to avert the otherwise inevitable withdrawal from fields of splendid opportunity.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
19, Furnival St., London, E.C. 4.
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Salisbury Sq., London, E.C. 4.
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LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
16, New Bridge St., London, E.C. 4.
MORAVIAN MISSIONS,
32, Fetter Lane, E.C. 4.
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7, East India Avenue, E.C. 3.
WESLEYAN METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
24, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 2.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:-

- ✓ "A History of the Scottish Women's Hospitals." Edited by Eva Shaw McLaren. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)
- ✓ "The Phantom Journal." Essays. By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 6s.)
- ✓ "Forests, Woods, and Trees in Relation to Hygiene." By Augustine Henry. (Constable. 18s.)
- ✓ "Victorian Recollections." By John A. Bridges. (Bell. 7s. 6d.)
- ✓ "All Roads Lead to Calvary." A Novel. By Jerome K. Jerome. (Hutchinson. 6s. 9d.)

* * *

IT was a literary circle. It was discussing Stevenson. One might have thought that most of us there would have spelled it Stephenson, and when the heinousness of this (from the point of view of 1890) had been shown to us, we would have been mildly amused. "He is like paper flowers now," said a young poet. "Tell me, did you really think, long ago, that he was of any consequence? He was before my time, of course, though I expect I read 'Treasure Island' when a boy. What other books did he write? And was he the successor to Tupper?"

* * *

THIS rare and precious superiority was maintained for so long that even my cowardly loyalty to an older and minor deity was beginning to feel that for this elegance something hard and blunt really ought to be used soon. It was then that one of the youngest of us (and for his youth I am willing to admit the existence of a just and discerning Providence) turned to a popular novelist over whom the advertisement specialists have played trombone solos, and remarked, in a strong male voice that might still have been addressing a lead-swinging on parade: "Let me tell you, sir, that I have not read a book of yours in which there was a character able-bodied enough to polish the belt buckle of Alan Breck. Your books are mucus, sir."

* * *

THAT blithe comment, that sudden lucky shot (first go!), that loud, bright, and revealing grenade made one of us there, at least, feel as warm as though the sun had risen on our luck. The only adequate thing to do was to stand on a chair and cheer. But there was no time for that. We took advantage of the surprise attack. We went forward over the bodies of the deservedly dead and cleared the positions in which proud young moderns lolled about as though they had earned a full right to do so. Which one of all the latest and popular has done anything that can be seen when placed beside "The Wrecker"? But it is not for the dead to answer the last shots fired into their supine and pitiful forms.

* * *

I WELL remember a youth who saw, approaching him in Leadenhall Street, a placard announcing, "Death of R. L. Stevenson," and the feeling of loneliness it gave him. I know what he thought of Stevenson, and although there have been years when other interests and compelling events gave time for the dust to settle fairly thickly on what once was magical and surprising, yet, even now, when the new world we are making is so urgently in need of good material, he would gladly leave as dunnage for those who like them many of the novels of these better years to keep no more than "The Ebb Tide." I read that story—it was never one of Stevenson's more popular yarns—when it was appearing serially in "To-Day," and thought less of it then than I did last week when I picked it up to compare Stevenson's Cockney, Huish, with Conrad's Londoner in the "Nigger"; and I think there is little doubt that, excepting his name, Huish should receive the decoration. Huish is true to type

throughout the story. The Londoner of the Tower Hamlets and the South Side has native character which makes him as distinct from the rest of his countrymen as is an East Anglian from a Highlander—his speech, his attitude to life, his equable temperament and sardonic humor, his affected indifference to good or bad fortune, his liability to lapse suddenly into drivelling sentiment, and his embarrassment before heroics—which may easily turn to derision—are fairly constant qualities. When he is properly wicked his logical ruthlessness is horrifying. To judge by the failures, novelists think they have got him fully in sight when they have merely combed the aspirates carefully from his speech. But that has hardly anything to do with it. Among modern writers, I know of only two who are successful in giving us a Cockney in his speech and temperament—A. Neil Lyons and F. W. Thomas. But Huish is a good portrait from Whitechapel—for a Scot to have made.

* * *

KIPLING'S omniscience, his astonishing knowledge of locomotives, women, ships, Indian bazaars, soldiers, and reciprocating gear, becomes less terrifying when you happen to be a sailor, a soldier, or an engineer. He does very well still, even then, but there are flaws in, say, his marine engines, which make them unworkable, though they remain bright and awe-inspiring enough to deck-passengers who like their English not only easy but as confident as a hot brigadier's. During the war a master mariner, who had been filling the empty periods of patrol work with a re-reading of Stevenson, told me that, though that writer's seamanship and navigation were slow and of an amateur, yet they passed all the tests very well indeed. Indeed, that sailor had deepened an old respect for Stevenson, and he declared that what there was of the sea and ships in "Treasure Island," the "Ebb Tide," and "The Wrecker" was better than anything he knew in English outside Dana. High praise indeed! It was not for me to dispute with him, but only to question him for the improvement of my knowledge.

* * *

BUT who was it said that Stevenson is growing dusty and neglected? It would be interesting to learn whether he or Scott has the greater popularity to-day—not the greater sale, of course, because no doubt the profiteers are furnishing libraries and other proofs of culture in their new homes, and ornate sets of Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray must be doing fairly well out of the war. That the healthy delight of the late Victorians in one of our best story-tellers must have communicated to a new generation may be guessed from "A Book of R. L. S." by Mr. G. E. Brown (Methuen), just published. This is a little encyclopaedia of Stevenson. You may turn up Davos Platz, Henley (William Ernest), or any other place or person where Stevenson once stayed, or to whom he wrote a letter, and learn all about it. Reading such a book may be a form of idling, but it is very pleasant loafing in good company; and when we have thoroughly measured R. L. S., and a subordinate niche for him has been approved, even then we know quite well that such a book as this, guiding us to greater knowledge about the unimportant or not very important people and places in the life of almost any other recent author, would leave us not only neutral, but wondering why it was done at all.

* * *

IT was Mr. Havelock Ellis who once said that Stevenson was "the hollow image of a writer; a man who, having laboriously taught himself to write after the best copy-book models, found that he had nothing to say and duly said it at length." Some years ago I was inclined to think the same. That was when we were having rather too much of Stevenson. But the quarrel in "Kidnapped" shows that Stevenson was more than an hollow image of a writer, and so do the events leading to the death of Huish in the "Ebb Tide." He was one of the best writers of simple adventure that we have had. It is surely not a disqualification, in these days, for a book to be merely an anodyne.

H. M. T.

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LIGHTER THAN AIR.

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

If we could always permit ourselves never to be serious it would be a beautiful world.

Is it possible for the mind to become too clever? Perhaps! But then one can always lose it. And only the few deserve the joy of madness.

In a mixed tête-à-tête it is a fascinating occupation to separate the chaff from the wit.

Politically, I incline to the belief that England is suffering from fatty degeneration of the Art.

I do not tell the truth simply because of the love of it, but my fighting spirit cannot resist the magnificent challenge.

Why value applause? The bawls of the multitude are the mere expression of tragic impotence.

One has to learn to love a few or become an anchorite and find oneself. Am I unselfish or ambitious?

Pity the poor provider. I must live joyfully, and be luxuriously lazy. That is why I write subtle advertisements instead of original plays.

I live in a sublime state of unsettled subtlety. (Curse these alliterations, I can't keep away from them. But they breed themselves naturally. I do not manufacture.)

A woman wears a halo when she cannot wear beautiful clothes.

Some of us are born light, some achieve lightness, and some have ethereal things thrust upon them.

"To argue with you is useless," said an irritated charmer to me one day, "it is like water on a duck's back." She lacked the grace to say it was like champagne on a bird of paradise's tail.

To keep one's mind fresh and clean it is necessary to change it at least as often as one changes one's underclothing.

It is possible that a woman can fool all men some of the time; it is possible that she can fool some men all the time; but she would only acknowledge to her intimates that she can fool all men all the time.

Only supermen are strong enough to bear the truth. The sensitive soul of woman does not aspire to Herculean occupation.

I am tired of clothes, and bored with food, but I shall always need shelter, therefore I must casually mention that Pope and Bradley continue to make good clothes at almost altruistic prices. Lounge Suits, from £10 10s. Dinner Suits, £14 14s. Overcoats, from £10 10s.

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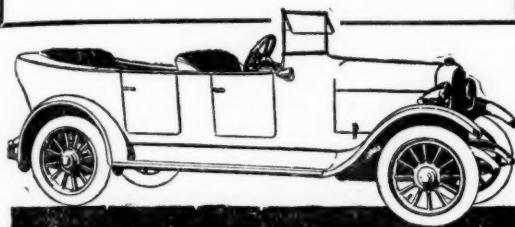
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Reviews.

ANTHOLOGIES.

"A Treasury of Seventeenth Century English Verse (1616-1660)." Chosen and Edited by H. J. MASSINGHAM. Golden Treasury Series. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

ANTHOLOGIES, it would appear, are now the fashion, both of verse and prose, and in languages ancient and modern. Our young men and maidens, like the children of that Andrew Jones, so hated by Wordsworth, are early bred "to waste and pillage." They learn to discriminate, if not in the nursery, at all events in the schoolroom, and as they grow up, they read, mark, select, and publish an anthology. In those wonderful catalogues of Mr. Humphrey Milford, of the Oxford University Press, a whole page is usually assigned to anthologies.

Once upon a time, in the fanciful age, collections of verse made their appearance under various gallant guises, as for example, "The Paradise of Dainty Devices" (1576), or "A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions" (1578), or a "Handful of Pleasant Delights" (1584), or, best of them all, "England's Helicon" (1600); but as time wore on they were content to call themselves by that dullest of all dull words, "Specimens"; and we were surrounded in poetry by Ellis's "Specimens of Early English Verse" (1803), Campbell's "Specimens of the British Poets" (1819), and in prose by "Specimens of English Prose Writers from the Earliest Times to the Close of the Seventeenth Century" (1807); an interesting compilation made with the probable assistance of Charles Lamb, by that most unlucky of all anthologists and Balliol men, George Burnett, who died in 1811 in a workhouse (for further particulars of Burnett see Mr. Lucas's "Life of Charles Lamb," Vol. I., pp. 207 and 307, and Lamb's Letters in Canon Ainger's Edition). But of all the "Specimens" the most famous is the avowed work of Lamb and is described by him in a letter:—

"It is specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare. Specimens are becoming fashions. . . . They used to be called 'Beauties.' You have seen 'Beauties of Shakespeare'? So have many people that have never seen any beauties in Shakespeare. Longman is to print it, and to be at the expense and risk, and I am to share the profits after all deductions. But the book is such as I am glad there should be. It is done out of old plays at the Museum and out of Dodsley's collection."

What these specimens did for Swinburne at Eton we know. They may surely rank with Percy's "Reliques" as a book of far-reaching influence. Let us never sneer at anthologists with their pruning-hooks.

To-day, we suppose, we must accept "anthology" or "treasury" as a mean between the rhapsodical titles of the Elizabethan age and the prosaic level of our grandfathers.

But whatever titles such collections are called they involve, of necessity, discrimination and consequently exclusion. There must always go to the making of a good anthologist, taste, reading, pains, grave deliberation, and the weighing in golden scales of the various degrees of merit.

The most unexclusive anthology of British poetry I have ever come across is due to the easy conscience (for others) of that fine poet, Campbell, whose collection includes "Specimens" of the poetic wares of such men as Bramston-Dwight, Hunnis, Lovibond, Merrick, and the once popular Pomfret. Why a poet should be held up to ridicule because he has had the good fortune to be completely forgotten is hard to understand, and I shall say nothing here in disparagement of the above-mentioned bards, only remarking that when Keats complained that on sitting down to make rhymes himself, the names of previous poets forced themselves upon his mind, he was not thinking of any of them.

If anyone cares to compare Campbell's seven volumes of Specimens with Mr. T. H. Ward's five similar volumes (although the latter editor had to find room for the whole of another century) he will see how much harder it is now to enter into an anthology than ever it was before.

Mr. H. J. Massingham, in this new volume of the "Golden Treasury Series" has placed the severest restrictions upon his area of choice. His collection consists of three hundred and ninety-nine poems all published during one

period of forty-four years—from 1616, the death of Shakespeare, to 1660—being thus less than a half of that fascinating seventeenth century, which includes so many poets whose names have travelled far on the wings of verse. Nor is Mr. Massingham content with a restriction upon time alone, for he has excluded altogether, even from his own self-inflicted period, both Milton and Herrick because, as he says, "they are already sufficiently before the public notice." We demur to this use of the word *sufficiently*, but recognise the force of the reason, for Milton and Herrick are now in all the bookshops. Pursuing his self-denying ordinance still further, Mr. Massingham has, and for the same reason, closed his doors against such well-known poems as "Go, Lovely Rose," "Tell me not, Sweet, I am Unkind," "Whoe'er She Be," "They are all gone into the World of Light," "The Bermudas," and others of their like.

No wonder he adds "it has been a difficult business." Some softer-hearted editors would have found it an impossible one.

What, then, has been his principle of selection within his period of forty-four years?

"It may interest readers to know that to the best of my knowledge many (at a rough guess more than a fourth) of these poems are entirely new to the modern anthology; that a large number of the rest have appeared either in expensive, out of print, old, special or otherwise not easily accessible collections, and that in consequence this collection being the most complete survey of the period between the death of Shakespeare and the Restoration does introduce to lovers of poetry a solid mass of new material. There is perhaps no virtue in that, but I ought to say that though these poems are of all kinds—mystical, passionate, epitaphs, epigrams, pastorals, catches, &c., my only principle of selection has been poetic merit." (See *Introduction*.)

By choosing 1616 for his *terminus a quo* and 1660 for his *terminus ad quem*, Mr. Massingham has sought to pen within the fold of one thin volume the characteristic verse of those poets who were neither "real" nor "belated" Elizabethans, and yet were untainted with any foretaste of that eighteenth century cast of thought or diction which the editor (far too cordially) detests, nor of the "laughing loves" of the Restoration period. Within the compass of this small volume we may therefore expect to find, and do find, the very quintessence of the seventeenth century muse as we have come to recognize her distinctive notes for, as the editor says, "the period I have looted contains the largest collection of mystical verse in the language," mostly written *sub specie aeternitatis*, by poets for whom poetry was a vocation.

Crashaw, Donne, Vaughan, Herbert, John Fletcher, Fulke Greville, and others may be found here in their most characteristic work, to be read slowly, when the mood is on us, with exceeding great profit and enjoyment.

Mr. Massingham has allotted no less than fifty pages of his three hundred and thirteen to "Anonymous," and though in his introduction, which deserves to be carefully read, for every word of it is weighed, he speaks with some bitterness of the "Miscellanies" through which he had to wade to choose his specimens, we thank him for that labor; for we have derived much comfort and some consolation from our old acquaintance "Anon," and will therefore conclude with a quotation from an unfamiliar poem which, though it is not to be found in the last fifty pages, might well have been put there, for nothing whatever is known of its author, one Robert Heath, except that he was not the Sir Robert Heath who, as Attorney-General, prosecuted Sir John Eliot and lived to become, during the Civil War, Lord Chief Justice of England. No, indeed! Poets are not easily carved out of that kind of timber.

This poem is entitled "What is Love?" and its last stanza runs as follows:—

"Tis Nature's law inviolate,
Confirmed by mutual consent;
Where two dislike, like, love and hate,
Each to the other's full content.
'Tis the caress of everything!
The turtle-dove,
Both birds and beasts do offerings bring
To mighty Love!
'Tis th' Angels' Joy! The Gods' delight,
Man's bliss,
'Tis all in all! Without Love, nothing is."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

With which is incorporated THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

WITH the January issue the Contemporary Review will be considerably enlarged, and with it will be incorporated the International Review. The addition to the contents will include the outstanding feature of the latter Review, namely, "The World of Nations : Facts and Documents." It was this feature which gave the International Review its unique character, consisting as it does of unedited treaties, official documents and pronouncements, and other material not otherwise readily accessible to the public. Hitherto, no newspaper or journal in this country has ever made a point of publishing, fully and completely, all the more important data without which any real knowledge of international relations is impossible.

The increase in the size of the Contemporary Review necessitates a slight increase in the price, which in future will be 3s. 6d. monthly.

The Contemporary Review, founded in 1862, is one of the oldest of the British Magazines and stands in the front rank of European Reviews. It deals with all subjects of current interest—Religion, Politics, Literature, Philosophy, Science, Art, Education, and Social Topics. The first writers of our own and foreign countries are found among the contributors.

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"Tis the caress of everything!" reminds Mr. Massingham, in a note, of Shelley's famous lines beginning "See the Mountains kiss high Heaven."

We are grateful for this little volume so scrupulously compiled, and though we fear we shall never be tempted to cold-shoulder Pope and Prior and Swift, or even the "Castle of Indolence" or Beattie's "Minstrel," still, "in sundry moods," it will always be pleasant to take up this collection and yield to the subtle spell of the seventeenth century.

A. B.

MORE ABOUT THE PEACE.

The Peace in the Making. By H. WILSON HARRIS. (Swarthmore Press. 6s. net.)

MR. WILSON HARRIS's account of the making of the Treaty of Versailles complements Mr. Keynes's more dramatic and directly combative picture of that event, and should be studied in connection with it. The story, the characters, and the parts they either deliberately chose or took from the hands of others, are the same. In both works they may be observed pursuing the same road to ruin, and offering identical excuses for taking it. The angle of vision was rather different. Mr. Keynes, the Treasury official, saw the Conference from within, Mr. Harris, the Liberal journalist, from without. The culprits merely exposed themselves to Mr. Keynes; from time to time they were concerned to excuse themselves to Mr. Harris. But both observers came to much the same conclusion about them. The special correspondent of the "Daily News" is a trifle tenderer to Mr. Wilson's unapplied idealism, and asks us to observe that though Mr. Lloyd George almost invariably did ill, he frequently meant well. But, no more than Mr. Keynes does he attempt to condone the capital offence of British statesmanship at Paris. It was bogged by the Secret Treaties. Now and then Mr. George made a pass to get free; more frequently his achievement was to sink back into the mire and drag President Wilson with him. Again and again, says Mr. Harris, the Prime Minister "would take a firm stand on some question of importance, and then unexpectedly yield his whole ground." He promoted the Bullitt negotiation, and then went back on the negotiator. He favored Mr. Wilson's plea for admitting the Germans to speech with the Conference, and at the critical moment, says Mr. Harris, lined up with M. Clemenceau against it. Mr. Wilson counted the Prime Minister as a champion of the Fiume manifesto; when it was issued he disclaimed all concurrence. He stood firm on the Polish corridor; but in the classical case of the loaded indemnity he gave away the Fourteen Points, his own moderate views, and the good faith of the Entente for a row of figures, meaningless in themselves, but a symbol of misery for Central Europe. Mr. Harris deals faithfully with this transaction:—

"The Allies, in adopting the attitude they did adopt at Paris had not even the hope of tangible gain as a reward for their cynical disregard of their November pledge. There was no question of how that pledge was meant to be interpreted. I satisfied myself on that, in discussing the matter with the delegate (query Mr. Lansing?) primarily responsible for framing the pledge in the first instance. It was intended to mean exactly what it appeared to mean. And when the Allies announced their intention of including in the demand on Germany the cost of war pensions and allowances, they were in effect tearing up a document to which they had formally set their signatures not six months before."

Yet in a sense of which Mr. Harris's candid narrative is an excellent witness Paris made no mistake. She intended a crime and she committed it. The provocation, says Mr. Harris, was dire, and we agree with him. None the less it was a breach of the civilized order for France to be allowed to satisfy her fear or her revenge on the bodies of millions of innocents, and on the life of a Continent. The Conference knew what it was doing. A stream of travellers, administrators, soldiers, and politicians flowed into Paris from every corner of Europe, and told their story of arrested production and imminent starvation. Mr. Hoover denounced the blockade, declared its futility, and pleaded that it unceasingly obstructed his efforts. He asked to be allowed to feed Russia as a counter to Bolshevism. Nansen did the same. Mr. Wilson tried to argue the Big Three into reason

both over Russia and Germany, and then to bluff them* into it. All three men failed. The French were resolved to crush Germany economically, encircle her with hostile States, and wipe Soviet Russia off the map of Europe. Mr. Harris shows that this design not only governed the Treaty, but was responsible for the dual guarantee to France, accepted by her as the price of her abandonment of Foch's plan for the militarization of the Rhine frontier. The one open question seems to be whether the Covenant, embedded in the Treaty, but no organic part of it, can save such a peace from corroding the world. Mr. Harris, stressing heavily the "elastic" Clause XI. as compared with the "static" Clause X., thinks that it can, for he conceives that the Conference, like Wagner's Mime, nursed a sword for its own undoing. Unfortunately it first undid Europe.

A ROMANCE OF FOUR CENTURIES.

The Expansion of Europe, 1415-1789. By WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT. Two volumes. (Bell. 30s.)

The analyst of history, together with the "scientist" of history (that maker of almanacs which tell without emotion the bare truth) have held the field for a long time. It would be a pleasure to see them retire for a few years, and we say so with the respect which is their due, granting the usefulness of their labor. To do otherwise would be ungracious, and, what is worse, might lead to argument. Argument is what we do not intend to face in this connection, for we base our belief on the historian's function to amuse, to entertain, on nothing firmer than personal taste. The logician, we fear, would have it all his own way, and he is welcome.

A writer in *THE NATION* recently, in welcoming Mr. H. G. Wells's brave attempt to compass the world's story from nebula to twentieth century man, and give a thread of unity to the record, protested against the modern specialist study of history that it is a "minute exploration of limited periods" which contributed "next to nothing to our orientation amid social phenomena." Mr. Wells's book is not the only sign of a return to the spacious conception of the work of the historian who would, by force of the imagination, picture to us the dramas of centuries.

Mr. Abbott's book is less ambitious and it would be a needless exaggeration to compare it with a great work of the mind like Gibbon's, but it is a very notable performance, and we are indebted to him for this long and varied adventure, after enduring for many years the frequent boredom of the analysts and classifiers. Mr. Abbott would no doubt reject our view of the writing of history as an art and not a science. Facts are mysterious things and the historian can make of them what he wishes. He succeeds by the power of his imagination. We understand Raleigh's temptation to burn his manuscript when he doubted that he could be trusted to describe the past, because it was not possible for two contemporaries to give similar versions of events happening before their eyes; but we are glad the "History of the World" was saved from the flames, not because of its record of "facts," but because of the poetical fancy of the apostrophe to "mighty Death." We have the support of Anatole France, who reads history for the "fanciful image that man has painted of himself." A contemptuous French philosopher places it among the fables, with Jack the Giant-killer and such. We see no reason for decrying history on that account, finding it pleasanter and easier to read and allow the fancy to wander than to believe.

Mr. Abbott's theme is progress, and while we will admit that history is more readable when the writer has an argument, that is only because we want a plot to our universal drama, which "to relate were not a history but a piece of poetry." We are not greatly concerned with the nature of the theme, and we notice, too, that Mr. Abbott occasionally loses it himself in his forest of details. Let it be said, however, that these occasions are not frequent. For the most part his synthesis is wander-proof; it is, indeed, a fine achievement to keep so closely as he does to his guiding considerations: the connection of the social, economic, and intellectual development of European peoples with their political affairs; the inclusion of the progress of events among the peoples of Eastern Europe, and of the activities

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THE ESSENTIALS OF MYSTICISM. EVELYN UNDERHILL.

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THE SPIRITUAL WORLD OF PLUTINUS. THE EDITOR.

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JESSIE L. WESTON.

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DAVID GOW.

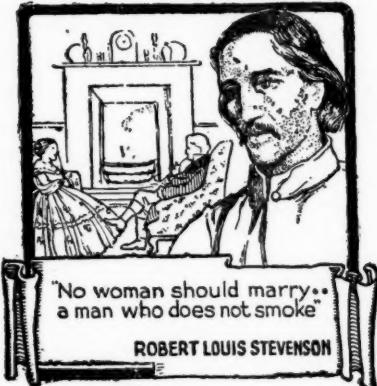
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The "Athenæum" for January 3rd contains the following Special Articles and Reviews :—

LEADING ARTICLE:

A New Year Suggestion.

GENII OF THE RING.

By D. L. M.

AMERICAN CRITICISM.

By A. L. H.

THE CAREER OF LAMENNAIS.

JAPANESE POETRY FOR BEGINNERS.

By F. W. S.

POETRY.

By Viola Meynell and Jean Guthrie-Smith.

NOTES FROM IRELAND.

SCIENCE.

By K.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

By Edward J. Dent.

REVIEWS of New English and Foreign Books,
etc., etc.

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of Europeans beyond the sea; and the way in which the various factors of modern life came into the current of European thought and practice, and how they developed into their present forms. He has method and an aim, and these impart a sense of unity to his panorama of the four centuries which opened with the Renaissance and ended with the French Revolution.

By the expansion of Europe Mr. Abbott means the "intellectual, economic, and spiritual progress of mankind, rather than the more spectacular but less constructive activities of captains and kings. It takes account of the advance in human comfort, and the still more extraordinary increase in human capacity which revolutionized conditions of existence." It involved the extension of knowledge, of science, and invention. "Whatever ascendancy the European holds to-day is due very largely," says Mr. Abbott, "to the capacity which he has developed, beyond all other races, of originating, adapting, and improving devices to enlarge human powers, both mental and physical; and of pursuing a steadily progressive employment of natural laws and resources to his own use." No one will deny this, but when Mr. Abbott comfortably reflects that "in so far as the world is different from what it was and a better place in which to live, that fact is due to what we call progress," we can only reply that our unhappy day has seen civilized man using his scientific devices and "enlarged human powers" in work more horrible than the savage knew.

No, we do not greatly care for the logical deductions of history. We go to Gibbon, Green, and Carlyle, because of the nobility of the fable of mankind when caught in the sweep of their imagination, and to Plutarch for some of the best short stories ever written. We will go to Mr. Abbott's handsome volumes again for their story of the desires, fears, and achievements, the harmonious and disharmonious energies, of the peoples of Europe, a story to the making of which learning, labor, and imagination have contributed.

WHAT IS BOLSHEVISM?

The State and Revolution. By V. I. ULIANOV (N. Lenin). (Allen & Unwin. 3s.)

This pamphlet by Lenin is especially addressed to the Marxians, and is directed at proving that Marx and Engels predicted and welcomed the dictatorship of the proletariat which is the foundation of Bolshevism. Lenin deduces from the writings of these philosophers clearly enough the theory, hard for an Englishman to see but not so hard to the pre-war German, that the modern State is necessarily an evil thing. "The State," says Engels, "is a confession that society is at insoluble conflict with itself, split into unappeasable factions which it is powerless to reconcile." Not being able to appease the class conflict, the State must hold the scales between the classes, and after some not very clearly shown sequence it thus comes to oppressing, always in the interests of some other class, the wage-earners. Engels is again the quoted one:—

"Not only were the ancient and the feudal States organs for making use of slaves and serfs, but the modern representative State is an instrument for the exploitation of wage-earners by capital."

Such being the nature of the State, the good news is that the day is coming when the State dies. "We are nearing with rapid strides the day when the existence of classes is not only unnecessary to production, but a positive hindrance. They will fall as inevitably as they formerly stood, and with them must the State unavoidably fall." In one domain after another the State becomes superfluous and then, of itself, it dies off.

The Devil can quote Marx as well as Engels. Concerning the revolution of 1848-51, Marx wrote:—

"Up to December 2nd, 1851, the revolution had accomplished one half its preparation, now it accomplishes the other half. It first completed Parliamentary power in order to overthrow it. Now, as far as it can, it completes executive power, reduces it to its clearest expression, isolates it, gets over against it with the express object of concentrating upon it all its destructive power. And if it had accomplished this second half of its preparation, Europe would have sprung up joyfully shouting: 'Well dug, old mole.'"

In 1871, during the Paris commune, Marx wrote to Kugelmann:—

"If you look at the last chapter of my '18th Brumaire,' you will find that I pronounce as the next task of the French revolution, not the shifting from one hand to another of the bureaucratic military machine, but the breaking of it, and this is the prerequisite of any effective people's revolution on the Continent. This is the attempt of our heroic comrades of Paris."

By such quotations as the last Lenin attacks the more difficult part of his task to prove that Marx not only contemplated the dying-off of the State with the approach of Socialism, but authorized its violent killing by Communists or Bolsheviks. Democracy and Parliamentarism are shown to be, equally with the army, condemned by Marx. "The commune," he says, "should not be a Parliamentary but a workers' corporation, executive and law-giving at the same time." "Instead of deciding once in three or six years which member of the ruling class shall represent or misrepresent the people in Parliament, the general vote should serve the constituents of the commune as the individual vote of each employer serves him to select his workers, overseers, and bookkeepers."

So we come to the dictatorship of the proletariat, who are the advance troops of the enslaved class. This dictatorship is the inevitable transition method between the democracy of the *bourgeoisie*, which is the best that the State can give, and the democracy of such an overwhelming majority of the population that no special machine (State) is needed to keep the minority in order. Even the transition State (dictatorship of the proletariat) is "no State in the precise meaning of the word," for the holding down of the minority of the exploiters by the majority of yesterday's wage-slaves is comparatively so easy as to need little spilling of blood.

Here we may leave Lenin's somewhat philosophic dissertation and take up another pamphlet freely circulating in Berlin to-day, "The Programme of the Communists (Bolsheviks)," by Bucharin. This begins by describing how in every land except Russia the man with only a pair of feet and hands must ask for work at the discretion of another who owns the means of production, and so on and so on, raising an appetite for better things by decrying the things that are. Next is shown the robbers' war and the beginning of the downfall of capitalism, then are discussed the merits of communism versus general sharing-out, apparently the only alternatives to the impossible capitalism; then we are shown how communism is to be reached through the dictatorship of the proletariat and soon come to an important discussion in which council rule is contrasted with the *bourgeoisie* republic. Bucharin is frank enough about it. The councils must supersede the constituent, because no middle-class person, no former banker, proprietor, merchant, pedlar, usurer, parson, bishop, in short, not one of the black crowd must have any vote or any fundamental political right. Every possibility of betraying the people must be taken away from the *bourgeoisie*. Bucharin does not tell us, as the fact is, that the greater number of the head commissioners of the Russian Republic are aristocrats and intellectuals with purely conventional qualifications to represent the factories and trades that start them on their career.

Soon it will not matter whether the *bourgeoisie* is excluded or not from political rights, for there will be no *bourgeoisie*. Even then, can we say that the council system is in any way better than the Parliamentary? Bucharin says: "In a Parliamentary republic each citizen gives in his voting paper once in every four or five years and therewith exhausts his rôle." Quite otherwise is it in the soviet republic. "The soviet republic cannot live for a single moment after it breaks away from the masses." Every organized worker can make his influence felt. Every month or two months he elects his shop stewards (*Vertrauensmänner*). Trade unions work out plans for the organization of production, and they receive the force of law from the Central Executive Committee. Every union and every factory committee can in this way take part in the common work of the shaping of the new life.

These and other generalities may catch some theorists; they can scarcely be as dangerous as our prohibitors of Bolshevik literature make out. After all, the shop steward

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elected in the factory does but help to elect the district council which elects the general council perhaps at one or two removes, and the general council elects the supreme executive. Our English I.L.P. has lately condemned the soviet system out of hand as one of indirect election and therefore no fit engine of democracy.

We will take only one more reference from this pamphlet of the communist programme, the exceedingly frank way in which Bucharin deals with the freedom of the Press. "The destruction," he says, "of every freedom in relation to the opposers of the revolution is necessary. . . . When it comes to a question of the freedom of the Press we must ask what Press is meant"—and, of course, there is no freedom of any kind for the opposers of the revolution:—

"The question can now be put to us: why did not the Bolsheviks formerly talk of destroying the complete freedom of the *bourgeoisie* Press? Why were they themselves for the constituent assembly, saying nothing of taking away the rights of the *bourgeoisie*? In other words, why have they in these questions altered their program? The answer is simple. Formerly, the workers had no power to make a direct attack on the *bourgeoisie* citadel. They need preparation, the collection of strength, enlightenment of the masses, organization. . . . Therefore our party called for freedom of combination. Now the times have altered. There is no longer a question of patient preparation. . . . we live now in the time after the storm, after the first great victory over the *bourgeoisie*. Now, the workers set themselves a new task: fully to destroy the opposition of the *bourgeoisie*."

Which shows that the workers of Russia, in so far as they are represented by the Bolsheviks, are wiser in their generation than those who tried to maintain the old order. Or did the others, as many maintain, only prepare for their own violent removal by a little too much of the same kind of intolerance which the Bolsheviks are practising so freely?

THE REAL THING.

"General William Booth Enters into Heaven." By NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY. With an Introduction by ROBERT NICHOLS. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.)
 "Poems, 1916-1918." By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. (Collins. 5s. net.)
 "The Happy Tree." By GERALD GOULD. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "A Tankard of Ale: An Anthology of Drinking Songs." Edited by THEODORE MAYNARD. (Macdonald. 5s. net.)
 "Hurricane, and Other Poems." By RICHARD CHURCH. (Selwyn & Blount. 2s. 6d. net.)

TURNING over thirty volumes of verse is not an exhilarating experience, but one would willingly have turned over three hundred to find Mr. Lindsay's poems at the end. Mr. Nichols, who writes an excellent introduction to this queer, passionate evangelist in verse, is to our minds too apologetic in introducing him to the English public. Mr. Nichols knows his worth well enough, but he is a little fearful lest our education in genteel Georgianism or the despairs and attitudes of Imagism, will have blinded us to the real thing when we meet it. At any rate, here it is and as with all true Thespian verse, we have nothing to say but "read it, or rather sing it." That is Mr. Lindsay's own method, for he stamps the country with his "communal hymns" and chants them:—

"The hosts were sandalled, and their wings were fire!
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
 But their noise played havoc with the angel-choir,
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
 O, shout Salvation! It was good to see
 Kings and Princes by the Lamb set free;
 The banjos rattled and the tambourines
 Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of Queens.

[Reverently sung, no instruments.]

And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer,
 He saw his Master thro' the flag-filled air.
 Christ came gently with a robe and crown
 For Booth, the soldier, while the throng knelt down.
 He saw King Jesus, they were face to face,
 And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

It seems to us that a poet who can jingle a tambourine to such effect as that might, like the sage of Hamlin, draw the hearts of a whole people (before they crucified him) at his

heels. Not that Mr. Lindsay has but one string to his bow. His extraordinary inspiration takes many forms, from simple melodious appeal to strangely fantastic yet imaginative mystical reveries. The truth is that we have in Mr. Lindsay a traditional-original minstrel-bard, whose storm of feeling is utterly different from the elaborate, passionless, over-cultivated verse, divorced from man, nature, and reality, being largely written to-day. This is his first volume and others, we are happy to think, are promised, thanks to the devoted advocacy of Mr. Nichols. Mr. Lindsay, of course, has not yet perfected his instrument: the point is that his wonderfully moving and burning verse generates a new conception of poetry altogether, one in which the reformer, the lover, and the singer, are one and the same in means and in end, and one which by its manliness, passion, concreteness, and mystical beauty reduces the metrical politeness and the non-metrical eccentricities with which we have been over-burdened to academic twitterings.

It says a great deal for the force of character in Mr. Brett Young's poems that we can stand reading him after "General William Booth Enters into Heaven." Inevitable verse Mr. Brett Young does not write, but it possesses both sweetness and strength, qualities of a firm thinker and earnest lover who takes the world as seriously as he does the poetry in which he interprets it. The conclusion of his sonnet "Five Degrees South" is a good example of his command of rhythm and judicious use of color:—

"I have seen Jupiter, that great star, swinging
 Like a ship's lantern, silent and alone
 Within his sea of sky, and heard the singing
 Of the south trade, that siren of the air,
 Who shivers the taut shrouds, and singeth there."

The chief excellence of Mr. Gould's poems is their combination of grace with stern economy of phrase. These things are workmanship alone, but Mr. Gould has strong feeling and subtle psychology to work upon. We quote the following beautiful little lyric—so seventeenth-century in its savor, its mystery, and its condensation, as one of the best poems:—

"She whom I love must sit apart,
 And they whom love makes wise
 May know the beauty in her heart
 By the beauty in her eyes.
 "Thoughts that in quietness confute
 The noisy world are hers,
 Like music in a listening lute
 Whose strings no music stirs.
 "And in her eyes the shadows move,
 Not glad nor sad, but strange:
 With those unchanging dreams that prove
 The littleness of change."

It is a scandal that a poet of Mr. Gould's calibre should be left out of the latest issue of "Georgian Poetry."

The offensive tone of Mr. Maynard's introduction, with its jeers at "meddlesome philanthropists," its Barley Mow cant and glorification of drunkenness, combined with the fact that he has had the singularly ill taste to include three of his own poems in an anthology edited by himself (there might have been some excuse if these poems had been worth inclusion), makes it somewhat difficult to examine his collection without dislike. To our mind, it is a mistake to issue such a collection at all, and for this reason. A hail-fellow-well-met at an inn is entertaining enough, but it is tedious to meet such a crowd at a brewery. The number of good drinking songs in the language are not so numerous as Mr. Maynard supposes, and when we have read them, the rest read like and indeed are but an idealization of swilling—a particularly ugly and silly form of romantic illusion. Nor in spite of the bulk of the volume has Mr. Maynard chosen his material to the best advantage. In the seventeenth century—the golden age of the drinking song—he has omitted two of the best of their kind in Thomas Nabbes's "Upon good ale brewed at Wick" and Alexander Brome's "I've been in love and in debt and in drink"—not to mention several others.

Mr. Church is a young poet of considerable promise—intent upon the theme, of strong feeling, and nervous power of expression. The majority of these poems are subjective, recording the stress and effort of experience, seeking peace and fulfilment in spiritual understanding. Mr. Church's muse is so sincere, so eager to find reality, that we are convinced he has not far to go before he achieves felicity in form.

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The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THE monetary disturbance occasioned by the time of the year has not produced any strain that is abnormal beyond previous experiences at this season. Bankers have, as usual, been calling in money, and large holdings of Treasury bills having matured, the proceeds have gone mainly to swell banks' balances. The banks as usual have been very busy "window dressing" for the purpose of their annual balance-sheets at December 31st. Business of considerable dimensions has been done at the Bank of England in loans at 6½ per cent. and in discounting short bills. It is now seen that in the two weeks ending on Christmas Eve some £15 millions were added to the Currency Note issue, while the Bank of England note issue also rose substantially. The level adopted by the Chancellor for the 1920 maximum fiduciary issue has been exceeded. The French Finance Minister, M. Klotz, in an important speech on Monday, confirmed the impression here that the French Loan in London will be issued in March. He also referred to negotiations with the United States for a long-term credit for France. One sentence of M. Klotz emphasizes the obstacle placed in the way of British trade by the depreciation of French and other European currencies: "There is no reason," he said, "why we should obtain from America or from Great Britain at heavy prices goods that we can procure from Germany under more favorable terms." The exchange markets have been without striking feature, but the New York rate has eased off a little. On the Stock Exchange Home Rails, rubber shares, and industrials have been buoyant, and the general tone of all markets good. Raw rubber is nearly up to 3s. per lb.

STOCK EXCHANGE OPTIMISM.

The Stock Exchange faces the New Year in a spirit of optimism which may cause surprise to those who look deep into the foundations of the present economic position. Such persons have logic on their side when they shake their heads wisely and talk of the day of reckoning that is in store for optimists and speculators. It is certainly logical to predict bad times as the aftermath of war. Moreover, it is easy to find brokers who will tell you that, with psychology and nerves as they are to-day, it would not take very much to turn the investing public from a buying to a selling mood. That view may easily find its justification in the occurrence of spasms of uneasiness and temporary loss of confidence. But, assuming the absence of any profound national disturbance, he would be a rash man who would say that Stock Exchange optimism about 1920 prospects are not justified. The aftermath of war will presumably come, but what likelihood is there that it will come in the near future? Deflation, and a return to a normal credit and currency position—a post-war normal, let it be remembered, and not by any means a pre-war normal—will come about very gradually indeed. After the final report of the Cunliffe Committee and the Chancellor of the Exchequer's comments upon it, all fears of heroic measures and sudden economic shocks have been discarded.

POINTS IN THE OUTLOOK.

In view of the recent buoyancy in industrial securities, in oil shares, insurance shares, brewery shares, and shipping securities it comes as something of a shock to find that the "Bankers' Magazine" calculation of Stock Exchange values shows a decline of £166 millions, or about 6 per cent. in 1919. The explanation, of course, is to be found in the decline of securities bearing fixed interest, which was the inevitable result of a continued advance in the general level of interest rates. With the Government's net borrowing ceasing—if Mr. Chamberlain's expectations are realized—and deflation gradually, very gradually, beginning, it may be that this advance in interest rates will be checked, and consequently the decline in fixed-interest securities. At the same time buoyancy in industrial and quasi-speculative markets would for several reasons be far from surprising in 1920. Increased taxation is sometimes held up as a Stock Exchange bogey. But a little reflection shows that the high

level of taxation has, strange as it may seem, proved a great stimulus to such markets. The higher the income-tax and the super-tax, the keener the desire of the investing public to buy for capital appreciation, and in this way make profits and income which are not lopped off by these taxes. The competition of new issues is another argument often produced to controvert Stock Exchange optimism. But is it a real solid menace? In the last quarter of 1919, after a year of heavy borrowing, we have been treated to an exceptional rush of industrial issues, but they have had little actual effect on Stock Exchange quotations. A heavy new issue year is in prospect, with the rush of prospectuses resuming shortly, but any probable total of 1920 borrowings is likely to leave a large margin for investment and mild speculation. Thus in spite of our huge legacy of war debt, the prospect of increased taxation, the foreign trade and exchange position, and the competition of heavy new issues, Stock Exchange optimists are by no means so blind or illogical as might be thought at first sight.

HOME RAILWAY YIELDS.

During the past month or two Home Railway stocks have periodically enjoyed one or two good days at a time, but seldom more. But two recent events have served to put the market into very much better fettle. The first was the issue of a circular by the Railway Companies' Association in which stress was laid upon the brighter side of the outlook. The second was the announcement of the increases in freight rates. These increases do not, of course, affect the immediate dividend prospects of railway stockholders, who are guaranteed pre-war net receipts by the Government. But it is nevertheless felt to be highly satisfactory, from the stockholders' point of view, that the railways should be restored to a position in which they are paying their way without drawing on the taxpayer's pocket. The attention thus drawn to the Home Railway market should awaken investors to the excellent yields now offered by some of the leading securities in the market. At present prices, for instance, London & North Western ordinary stock yields £7 15s. per cent., while Great Western ordinary stock returns over 8½ per cent. Other stocks which can be purchased to bring in a return of 7¾ per cent. or thereabouts are London, Brighton & South Coast's preferred ordinary, and South Eastern preferred ordinary. In these yields calculations accrued dividends are taken into account. Even nationalization fears cannot wholly destroy the attraction of yields of this nature. Railways are now to be restored to a commercial basis, and many of the stocks look decidedly cheap at present market quotations, though there are, of course, many holders eagerly on the lookout for a happy moment for realising their holdings.

KAFFIR DIVIDENDS.

As long as gold remained under control and producers were not permitted to sell wherever they liked no liveliness was to be looked for in the Kaffir Market. But the relaxation of control and the restoration to producers of the right to sell in the best market, followed as it has been by the establishment of a large premium on gold, has given fresh life to the market. The extent to which the financial outlook of Rand companies has been improved by these new factors has allowed the declaration in many cases of better end of the year dividends than those sanctioned at the end of 1918. The following is a comparison of dividends in 1918 and 1919 for a few prominent companies:—

	June.		December.	
	1918. s. d.	1919. s. d.	1918. s. d.	1919. s. d.
New Modderfontein	17 6	26 0	24 0	30 0
Modderfontein B.	8 6	9 0	8 0	9 6
Meyer and Charlton	10 0	10 0	12 0	14 0
Brakpan	4 0	2 6	2 6	3 0
City Deep	4 0	2 0	1 6	2 9
Government Areas	2 6	3 8	3 0	4 0
Consolidated Langlaagte	n/a	1 0	1 0	1 6

These examples are evidences of the better hope dawning for mining shareholders after years of patience.

L. J. R.

